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Liberty

SEPT. 29, 1945

5¢

BEST SELLER
CONDENSED
I TOOK THE SKY ROAD
by Cmdr. Norman M. Miller

WE CAN MAKE JOBS HAPPEN!

LIBERTY PROFILE: "FATHER JIMMY"

Their very LIVES *depend on you!*

WHAT CAN YOU SPARE THAT THEY CAN WEAR?

● The very lives of millions in war-torn countries depend on supplying their desperate need for clothing. All of us can spare some serviceable used clothing. In the clothes closets and attics of Canada's homes there is enough usable discarded clothing, bedding, footwear, to help countless thousands of needy men, women and children. Let's get it ready to send off—NOW!

NATIONAL CLOTHING COLLECTION

OCT. 1 to OCT. 20

Sponsored by
CANADIAN UNITED ALLIED RELIEF FUND
on behalf of UNRRA

CLEAN OUT YOUR CLOTHES CLOSETS NOW!

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

SIR!

WOODSTOCK, ONT.—I deplore the lack of perception evidenced by the editor of Liberty in his airing in Vox Pop the controversy on the question of whether Canada needs a new national anthem and a new national flag.

Dangerous animosity is being created by

you, sir! Brother will rise against brother in the cause of pin stripes versus broad stripes, of a march tune against lilting melody. By gad, sir, it's civil war in the making!—*Sgt. M. B.*

MAY IT BEAR FRUIT

BARTON, N. S.—I wish to thank you on behalf of our young Canadians for your article, School for Crime (July 21). It is high time our reading public was made aware of the situation in our courts and penal institutions. I hope, most sincerely, that it may bear fruit.—(*Mrs.*) *Sophia M. Hensley.*

BRACKEN PROFILE

TORONTO, ONT.—In your Liberty Profile on John Bracken (August 4) there appears an incorrect statement which was also printed in the campaign literature of his party. It reads as follows: "This period of twenty-two and a half years in office is longer than the term of any other political leader in the British Commonwealth."

The Hon. George H. Murray was premier of Nova Scotia from July, 1896, to January, 1923, nearly twenty-seven years. He was never defeated and won all his elections with overwhelming majorities. In two elections at least, his Conservative opposition numbered two members, and at no time was he required to compromise with his opposition to maintain himself in power.

Surely this record surpasses that of Mr. Bracken, impressive though it be.—*W. F.*

NEWDALE, MAN.—The Liberty Profile by Harold Dingman about John Bracken does not cover the real John Bracken as the West knows him. Dingman either does not know him or he was badly informed.

Bracken won only once in Manitoba, in 1927. In 1932 he had to call in the Liberals, and in 1936 he had to call in the few Social Creditors to keep in power. In 1940 he gathered in the whole works. That's how he stayed Premier so long.

Neepawa was the only seat in Manitoba he was able to win for the Tories, which should tell you how well he is thought of in Manitoba. True, the Souris seat was won by the Conservatives, but this was Arthur Ross's seat, which he held before and which Ross won on his own popularity. So that out of Manitoba's seventeen seats, Bracken won only his own.

Dingman says he is known as J. B. I worked with him on the hustings and know him well and I never heard him called that. We always talked of him as Bracken, sometimes John Bracken, and some few called him Honest John.—*H. S. Rungay.*

Harold Dingman is a newspaperman with many years' experience in political reporting, including a period in the Ottawa press gallery. Before undertaking the Liberty Profile on John Bracken, the author spent several weeks studying his subject on the Bracken coast-to-coast tour, which he covered for the Montreal Gazette.—VOX POP EDITOR.

MIDST PX RATIONS

ITALY—I have just finished reading your May 5 issue. I really enjoyed the story by Wessel Smitter called High-Climbers Don't Die. I think it is one of the best human-

interest stories I have read in your magazine to date.

I am hoping soon to be back where I will not have to sweat out a copy of Liberty for two months.—*Harold R. Mowery.*

ASHAMED?

WINNIPEG, MAN.—In regard to the letter from Constant Reader (July 28 Vox Pop) who calls the bathing girl cover "indecent," I can only say don't you see the same thing on beaches and in public baths?

I think C. R. should be ashamed for thinking evil things. Apparently she must have been, since she didn't sign her name. —*G. Oliver.*

HAMILTON, ONT.—I am a member of the younger generation, and I thought the cover was attractive. Maybe our 1945 styles ought to include pantaloons and long black stockings?

Health authorities agree that people are healthier exposed to the sun and fresh air. —*Average Canadian.*

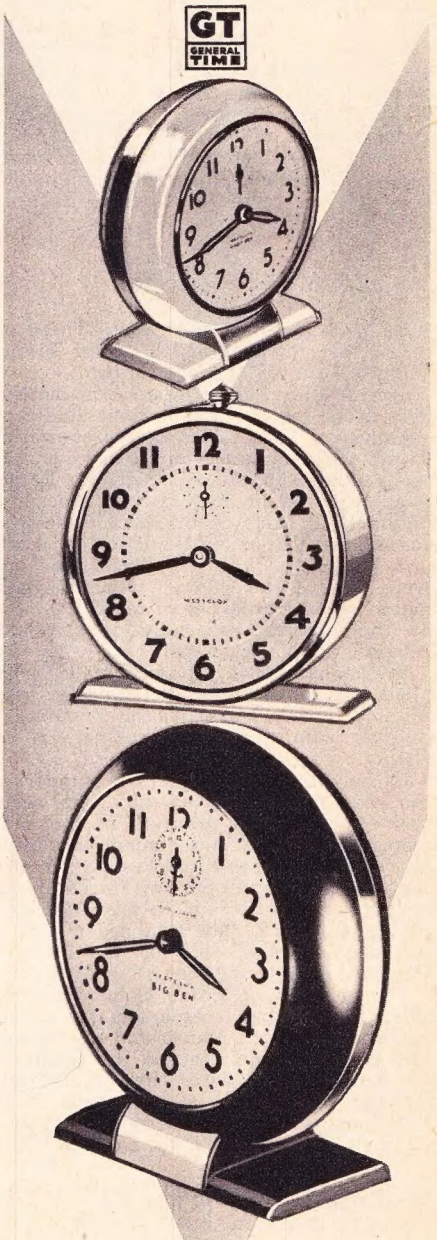
WINNIPEG, MAN.—The lady in the illustration has enough clothes on to preserve her dignity, but she has the sense to let the sun get at her body.

Liberty is wholly satisfying in everything as far as I'm concerned, and brightens many a long, weary hour spent flat on my back in bed. You see, I am willing to let others live their way of life as they will, and if they care to wear such bathing suits, I am happy if they are happy.—*A. C. R.*

HALIFAX, N. S.—Believe me, the covers on Liberty always are representative of

It will pay you to WAIT FOR WESTCLOX

We ask you to be patient a little longer. Big Ben and the rest of the Westclox family of clocks will be on your favourite dealer's shelf again—just when, we cannot promise. We hope it won't be too long. It will pay you to wait for Westclox beauty and dependability.



BIG BEN
Keeps Canada On Time
WESTCLOX
WESTERN CLOCK CO. LIMITED. PETERBOROUGH. ONT.

the magazine, clean and morally uplifting as befit a real Canadian magazine. The cover of June 23 was particularly interesting, and I'm sure will be appreciated by the boys "over there" as well as by your other readers.—*R. A. Green.*

NOTHING NEW

CALGARY, ALTA.—Regarding your Camera Eye statement (May 26) that zebras had never been ridden before: When in Central Africa, I saw zebras broken to riding and driving by Roman Catholic mission priests and I have a photograph of them, taken in 1899. The use of "ride oxen" is also common over there, the oxen being broken to saddle and bridle. Rinderpest killed off most of the horses, and substitutes had to be found.—*M. H. Marshall.*

DISAGREEMENT

SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM—I've just finished reading the December 30 issue of Liberty and hasten to disagree with J. G. L. of Halifax, who expresses a desire for more articles about movie actors. On the newsstands he can find any number of movie magazines to quench his thirst for knowledge of his favorite stars.—*J. L. Cory, R. C. C. S.*

MAURA MISREPRESENTED

FPO, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—There are a few facts in your article, After Franco, What? (June 2) which I contest.

The author, Miguel Maura, is pictured as a peace-loving conservative middle-of-the-roader. This is a misrepresentation. Maura was on the Revolutionary Committee created in 1930 to overthrow the Berenguer government by force in December of that year. Also on this committee were the known left-wing Republicans, Azana and Caballero. Late in 1931 these men were part of the Cabinet which promulgated a constitution very similar to that of the Soviets, especially in its anti-religious tone.

In October, 1934, this same Maura compiled a leftist document denouncing Prime Minister Lerroux as a traitor to the party line for admitting three members of the Catholic Party into the Cabinet.

Largely because of Maura's support of the leftist revolutionaries, the bloody revolt took place in the Asturias in the same month that the leftist document was drawn up. This revolt came so close to succeeding, that growing Communist strength was able to assert itself in July of 1936 in a bloody assault on law and order such as has been equaled only by the Nazis in Germany in recent times.

The murder of Calvo Sotelo in July, 1936, shows the irresponsibility of the government which Maura and his associates had created. It caused the revolt led by Sanjurjo and, later, by Franco, who actually saved Spain from being a Soviet state as predicted at the Kremlin in 1929.—*Anthony T. Bouscaren, 1st Lt., U.S.M.C.R.*

IS ROCKY THAT POPULAR?

CAMP BORDEN, ONT.—I have always enjoyed your magazine. It is the only one that gives a nonpartisan view on current affairs. I have just finished reading a back issue here in the hospital and enjoyed especially a story about Rocky Ford, by John D. Weaver.

These stories always prove to be most interesting. Couldn't we have one in every issue?—*Slim.*

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CONTENTS—SEPTEMBER 29, 1945

EDITORIAL ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Men Who Made War, *by Joseph Lister Rutledge* 50
Next time, the enemy plans to do better

ARTICLES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

We Can Make Jobs Happen! *by Larry Gough* 6
For many Canadians, the door to opportunity
Death Before Death, *by Victor Race* 10
Leprosy—a word that brings terror
Boss Lady, *by Elizabeth Wilson* 14
Joan Davis climbed by knocking herself down
Liberty Profile: "Father Jimmy," *by Murray Cotterill* 16
His fame leaves him unimpressed
Justice Jackson Tries His Toughest Case, *by Marquis W. Childs* 24
His theory: Aggression is a crime

FICTION ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Beard of the Profit, *by Ben Merson* 8
The fight settled No-Neck's future, and his past
The Dandy Trap, *by Kenneth Perkins* 12
Corporal Purdy had dreamed of her for years
The Love Expert—Short Short, *by Steve Fisher* 18
Dan made a specialty of analyzing women
Remember Joe Campello, *by Paul Thielen* 22
Joe thought too much of success

BOOK CONDENSATION ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I Took the Sky Road—Part One, *by Cmdr. Norman M. Miller, U. S. N.* 25
as told to Hugh B. Cave
"His exploits have become almost legendary," says an official citation. His own story is breezy, matter-of-fact, and unforgettably vivid. First of two parts

FEATURES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vox Pop 3
Liberty's Short Report 5
Turn on the hose
The Camera Eye—Pictures 20
Crossword Puzzle 43
Liberty Goes to the Movies 44
Back to Civvy Street 49

NEXT WEEK—OCTOBER 6, 1945

THE most physically active retired business man on record, Charles L. Broley's hobby requires the attributes of a trapeze artist, a lion tamer, and an Iroquois scout. In his LIBERTY PROFILE on Mr. Broley, Hugh Newton reports that this former bank manager of Winnipeg, Manitoba, has collected in the past seven years more data on the American bald eagle than had been gathered in the preceding 160 years. Incidentally, from an intimacy established in its 100-foot-high nest, Mr. Broley says the bald eagle is a much maligned bird. . . . For Canada's excellent rehabilitation program to be effective, veterans must know what benefits are available and how they may be obtained. In his article, VETERANS: HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF REHABILITATION, Max Braithwaite reviews the questions most frequently asked by servicemen on discharge and points out that many a man's future will depend on the decisions he makes today. . . . The horses you hardly ever notice in the movies are just as important to picture making as the stars. In HOLLYWOOD'S HORSY SET, Kitty Callahan says that Hollywood's horses have their specialties and personalities, just as the stars do—and the money they rake in isn't hay, either.

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TWO YEARS (104 issues), $3 ONE YEAR (52 issues), $2.

Liberty's SHORT REPORT:

TURN ON THE HOSE

LEAVING aside for the moment the truly serious considerations of war, there can be no doubt that for the average female over the age of twelve the greatest single hardship of the past six years has been the utter lack of sheer silk or nylon hose. Ladies who have cheerfully carried parcels, stretched their family's rations, made over old coats and dresses, and put up with many another inconvenience without a single tear have been known to weep copiously and often at the thought of wearing ugly stockings or none at all to a public gathering where they wanted to look their best. A few heartless men (only a bachelor would dare) may have found some cause for amusement in the situation, but for the girls it was no joke. They wanted their sheer, well-fitting stockings back and they didn't care who knew it.

Now, mercifully, the long wait is almost over. Government controls over the necessary materials have been withdrawn and stocking manufacturers have begun again to do the job that gives meaning to their existence. It will be, they promise, only a matter of weeks, or at the most a few months, before the silken-clad gam is displayed again.

Is there some aspect of Canadian life that you think would make a suitable topic for Liberty's Short Report page? We'll pay $5 for each suggestion accepted. Send your ideas to Short Report Editor, Liberty, 85 Richmond Street, West, Toronto (1).

Before the war started, women in Canada bought about 75,000,000 pairs of stockings every year. Almost half of them were silk, and about another 11,000,000 pairs were fancy models made of artificial silk or nylon. The remaining 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 pairs were wool or cotton, and it's anybody's guess where *they* went. Certainly you'll never find more than a very few women who will admit to having bought such glamorless stuff until they were forced to do so by the war. It's a safe bet that even your prim and strait-laced Aunt Minnie wore silk hose under her wide petticoats and full black skirts.

All this, of course, stopped in 1942, and while the home front has seen bigger and more vital battles, it has never seen a bitterer or more continuous fight than the one every woman waged to keep her legs just a trifle more attractive than her neighbor's. For a little while there was no noticeable panic. Most women had at least a few pairs of fine hose carefully preserved for use on extra-special occasions. Then the little dressing-table drawers began to look empty, stocking counters at even the best shops were as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and the fun really got under way.

The younger girls, with hardly a sigh, gave up the struggle all at once and took to socks. It was only a matter of weeks before any high-school miss who appeared in long stockings was looked upon as though she had something wrong with her head as well as with her legs; *everybody*—whoever that is—was wearing bobby sox, so naturally everybody *had* to wear them.

The older sisters and their mothers didn't have quite such an easy time making up their minds. After all, they could get stockings of a sort and maybe they wouldn't be so bad once they got used to them. But that didn't work out so well. The stockings bagged behind the knees. They had visible rings in a long line from top to toe. They drooped around the ankles. In short, they did everything possible to make it obvious even to the most casual observer that the lady *did* have stockings on. That would never do.

The next thing was to take a leaf from the youngsters' book and try going without stockings. For most women, that didn't work out so well either. Maybe their knees didn't have the right kind of dimples. Maybe their calves were a little too thick—or too thin. In any case, this system was all wrong because it was now obvious even to the most casual observer that the lady *didn't* have stockings on. And that would never do.

For a short while it looked as though paint—which had already saved so much—might save the day for legs too. It had something to be said for it: the casual observer didn't have a chance—sometimes it took a full minute to decide whether the lady was wearing stockings or paint or just a good sun tan. That might have worked out very well, but the paint produced other troubles. It wasn't so easy to put on as a pair of stockings. Sometimes on damp days it ran distressingly. And, besides, while silk stockings will perform miracles for any legs, paint won't; the legs have to be good to start with. And that would never, never, *never* do.

The situation was rapidly reaching catastrophic proportions when the war ended and the problem was solved. Real stockings would soon be back.

Current word from the mills is that it may be as much as two or three years before enough silk stockings can be made to equal the prewar supply. But nobody cares about that. Nylons and other synthetics will be available in practically no time, and they'll be so good that it's possible silk may never again be popular.

For example, a new high-tenacity rayon has been developed that can be spun finer than silk yet stronger than nylon. Manufacturers promise that these miraculous hose won't bag even a little bit and can't run or snag. It may not sound possible, but they swear it's true. Other synthetics are due to enter the field immediately. They all offer the same blessed qualities and it's whispered they won't cost any more than good silk and nylon hose did before the war.

All of the new stockings will be made splashproof so that a wipe with cleansing tissue will make them clean after a walk on rainy sidewalks, and snagproof (repeat, snagproof) so that splinters or rough furniture can't possibly make them run. All in all, the new synthetic stockings will be more durable than present-day rayons by 40 per cent or even more. Don't ever say again that dreams never come true.

P.S.: There's wonderful news about girdles, too, but what man would dare to write about them!—*L. G.*

SCHIAPARELLI

interprets

CUTEX Riot

France's famous designer catches the gay, spirited color of Cutex "Riot" with her light-hearted linen . . . toasts youth everywhere with this rich toe and fingertip shade. Just try and find a lovelier polish at any price.

WE CAN MAKE JOBS HAPPEN!

BY
LARRY GOUGH

There are plenty of ground-floor opportunities in Canada today, and it's *saved* savings that will open the door to them

IT'S quite a few years now since a young man named McLaughlin who lived and worked in the small Ontario town of Oshawa decided that there was enough future in the automobile to warrant changing his factory over from carriages to cars. Time has proved that he was right. His business has prospered to the extent that he can afford to be a breeder of race horses, and anybody knows that takes a lot of hay.

It's a long time, too, since a fellow named Williams decided to buy a piece of waste farm land in Quebec and see if he couldn't make himself a future by digging up the fibrous mineral he found there and turning it into useful products. He was right, too, as it turned out, and as anyone can tell by taking a look at the huge Johns-Manville Company that has grown out of Williams' original gamble.

There have been a lot of other people in Canada's short history who have made similar decisions; some of them have built the future and fortunes they were all seeking and some have lost their shirts. What's the situation today? Have all the worthwhile opportunities been taken? Are all the chances that are left doomed to failure? They'd better not be, because there are still people in Canada who are intending to build themselves a future and who are going to try to do it in the age-old fashion—get an idea and work like a beaver to make it click.

There's many a serviceman right now who doesn't want to go back to a dead-end job as an office boy or junior clerk. And there's many another who went into the Navy, Army, or Air Force straight from school without ever having had a job, but who wants to make a good one now. And there's still many another man who wasn't in any of the services but who has worked for years in a war job that's on the point of disappearing. All of these people—perhaps you're one of them—have a personal reconversion problem to face. Can you face it with confidence, or must you face it with doubt?

You *can* face it with confidence, because a realistic basis for confidence exists, and you *must* face it with confidence if you expect to be properly prepared to make the right decisions. Once that's granted, how do you go about getting prepared?

In the first place, you try to figure out where you want to go in this future of yours and what track you want to follow. Do you want a business of your own? Do you want to work for someone else, and, if so, in what kind of business? Have you the training for the job you want to do? And have you the money to get yourself off to a good start?

Figure out your personal answers to those questions. Take the last one first. Canadians, as a group, have more savings in the form of cash, securities, and Victory bonds than they ever had before. Have you saved some of your wartime earnings? Have you bought all the Victory bonds you could—and kept all you bought? If your answer is "Yes," then you're one step on the way.

What about training? Have you taken steps to complete the technical or trade training you'll need in the future you foresee for yourself? If you're a discharged veteran, have you taken advantage of the educational opportunities you're entitled to? Your private stock of Victory bonds, by the way, will be a big help to you here, too, if you want to carry your training beyond the point where your service grants will take you. "Yes" again?

Well, then, the question you want to answer next is the one about what business you'll get into, either on your own account or for somebody else. You're facing your decision now just as today's successful men faced theirs a few years ago. And you have even more paths to choose from. Just take a look at the industries, some here already, others still small, which promise the greatest prosperity for those who enter them now or in the next few years.

Electricity, in its various phases, seems to belong at the top of the list. Who hasn't heard the word electronics, and who doesn't know that it's the name of a giant that's just getting started? Radio and television are electronic devices. So is the electric eye which opens doors, turns on lights, and sorts, grades, inspects, and counts objects that are moving past so fast that the human eye can't even see them. Big industries that have become even bigger during the war depend more and more on electronic devices for efficient operation.

That's only part of the story. Any electrical engineer will tell you that those magic new electron tubes can do a hundred other things that are already known about—and probably hundreds more yet unknown. To create these new things and keep them going the electronics industry will need engineers, salesmen, factory hands, maintenance men, designers, and researchers of all kinds. And, like any other great industry, electronics will have jobs for hundreds or thousands of clerical and commercial workers.

RADIO, best-known offspring of electronics, will offer a thousand jobs. Radio, through frequency modulation, is undergoing a new birth right now. FM means better radio reception—and it also means a tremendous new manufacturing, selling, servicing, and program production field. Millions of people want FM radio, and when they have it, the previously crowded air will have room for hundreds more broadcasting stations than it had room for before. That means more jobs for technicians, directors, writers, actors, musicians, and other craftsmen and artists.

Television is another electronics baby. It's a small one now, just as the automobile industry was small forty years ago, but the end of the war will see it grow like a vitamin-pepped weed. It can't help but be a billion-dollar business in North America. But don't think television will blossom to complete maturity just through war-won knowledge; there'll be room for new techniques and new ideas in every phase from manufacture of equipment to production of programs. Somebody's going to have a lot of work producing those techniques and applying them. Who knows how far television can go or how much it can be made to do? Anybody entering the field now has a real chance to pioneer.

There's a big field, too, in Canada for the spread of the electrical services that existed before the war. Rural electrification is a program that is bound to grow. There are 12,000,000 people in the country now and more coming. Only a comparative few have all the electrical service they could use. It will keep a lot of people working a long time to give everybody all he wants.

MINING is an old industry in Canada and a big one. But that doesn't mean it's reached its limit. Wartime expansion has found new uses for metals and has created needs for new or scarce metals. Somebody's got to find them and produce them and put them to work. Some industrialists are saying right now that light metals are going to be used for everything that has to be picked up or moved. That includes a lot of territory—buses, trains, airplanes, and automobiles in one category; chairs, tables, desks, and other furniture in another category. Canada, with her huge aluminum production, will have plenty of material for any designer who can find a new place to put light metals to work. The peacetime uses for aluminum and magnesium make up a virtually unexplored field—a field that's thickly sown with rich rewards.

Wood is another material that manages to be age-old but brand-new at the same time. Wood can be made fireproof, decayproof, almost indestructible. It can be plastic, hard as metal, incredibly strong for its weight. Anyone who has seen a fast fighting Mosquito roar overhead doesn't need to be told that wood is doing things today that would have seemed impossible a few short years ago.

Green woods impregnated with urea and heated can be bent or twisted like a damp towel into all kinds of shapes—and when they cool, those shapes are retained. Wood can be impregnated with resin, heated with high-frequency waves, and compressed at the same time to produce a substance that looks like highly polished wood but is harder than wood ever was before. Such wood will make wonderful furniture, proof against fire, water, alcohol, scratches, or even baby's determined onslaughts. Such wood, and other new types, will also make jobs.

Canada has thousands of square miles of timberlands, a matchless reserve of the basic material for the new science of wood chemistry. Even softwoods are valuable to an unprecedented degree when you realize that new processes can make pine as hard as oak. With wood in a position to compete on even terms with plastics and light metals, lumbermen should be busier than ever, and a whole new school of wood-

To prospect for riches, it takes a grubstake.

craftsmen should find plenty of call on its skills.

Glass is another ancient working material that has become the foundation of an industry that is as modern as tomorrow. Glass can be made almost unbreakable, given the structural strength of steel, made light as cork, or made to stand the sudden change in temperature between hot stove and cold refrigerator. Glass has already been accepted as a building material and it is sure to have a big place in the coming building boom. Windows, walls, furniture, fireplaces, and even draperies can be constructed from glass. Each new use makes new jobs, and some people will create their own jobs by finding more new uses.

Plastics entered the war in short pants; the public was beginning to think of them as materials for making more gadgets. But now they're coming out of the war in a nicely cut grown-up suit. Plexiglass is known around the world as the stuff that makes strong transparent bomber noses; in a few years it may have an important place in the manufacture of automobiles. Plastics may bring real mass production to the furniture-making business. And plastic-impregnated plywood with its tremendous strength and light weight will be a welcome helper in hundreds of construction jobs. Small plastic objects can be made in large numbers with inexpensive machinery, and it's more than likely that at least a few small starters in the business world will make a comfortable living with no more capital investment than a good idea and a few hundred dollars' worth of molding equipment.

Synthetic fabrics are the heroes of another ever-increasing industry. Clothing can be made from milk or coal or wood or glass or any one of a dozen other unlikely raw materials. For many uses the synthetics outshine the old established fabrics such as silk, wool, and cotton; and for many more uses the new fabrics used in combination with the old give best results. If you don't see, offhand, where the business of synthetic textiles can do anything for a man looking for a job with a future, just try to figure out how long it will be before every woman in North America has those nylon stockings she's so eager to get. And then give a thought to the success that could come to the man who invented something else that was as new and as good in its own line as those nylon stockings are in theirs.

Housing is as old as the oldest cave that man ever lived in, but here's another industry with new wrinkles. Prefabricated housing has had its testing period during the war and it's come off pretty well. There's no doubt that it will have a big place in the huge housebuilding programs that will have to start soon. Canadians are not housed as well as they should be at the best of times; the war has clearly shown that hundreds of thousands of new dwellings are absolutely necessary if all our families are going to have even the minimum requirements for decent accommodation. Many of these houses are needed immediately and prefabrication is one way of making lots of houses quickly. Whole sections will be built in the factory and assembled on the buyer's land.

Conventional construction methods will continue to be employed for a long, long time, but it is the opinion of the experts that the old way offers only a shrinking opportunity to the man who wants to go into the business of building. Prefabrication, on the other hand, is a rising star. It offers jobs—new jobs—for designers, salesmen, architects, decorators, and all kinds of merchandisers who can find ways to bring houses and homeless families together. Here's a field where the material rewards can be big and where a much needed service to society can be rendered by the man who has ideas and the determination to carry them out.

Food isn't new by a long shot, but some of today's methods of processing it and handling it are. Frozen foods have taken a firm hold on the public fancy and the war has shown conclusively that there's many an advantage in having certain foods hydrated for certain purposes. Manufacturers of processing equipment, particularly of home freezers, will have a big job on their hands to satisfy the demand that already exists. In addition there will be dozens of opportunities for men and women who have an idea that can be applied to the preparation and distribution of ready-to-eat foods, frozen or not.

The man who put the doughnut into every drugstore lunch counter didn't lose his shirt. Neither did the man who made the first Eskimo pie. And people haven't stopped eating yet. In big cities there's undoubtedly room for the man who will undertake the job of delivering fast-frozen foods or even complete ready-to-eat meals by refrigerated truck. It's the same old story: jobs for a score of skills, from the nutritionist to the salesman.

Aviation will appeal to thousands of young people as a means of making a living, and it will provide that living generously for many of them. But aviation as a field for employment has its limitations. Aircraft plants are overexpanded. So are the ranks of pilots, mechanics, and other flying or maintenance personnel. It's not a field that will be easy to break into on a large scale.

On the other hand, there is every likelihood that private flying will boom, that small planes will become commonplace

(Continued on page 40)

Smiling very spiteful, Daffy stretched over and tickled No-Neck on the middle mole. He shrieked, melted, and rolled over on the canvas.

The Beard

When No-Neck Boyle, wrestler non-extraordinary, met up with Mrs. Daffodil Reney, it was the battle of the century. It not only settled No-Neck's future but his past besides

BY BEN MERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

FOR six months things with me was strictly from hunger. All my fighters was in the Army and all my cash was wrapped up in my daughter Peggy's future. Troubles I had enough to kill me. If it wasn't that I don't like to get hurt, I think sometimes I would have committed suicide.

Then I went into the wrestling racket and signed up No-Neck Boyle.

How I got him without ration points is still a wonder, because he was very much a tub of lard. And wrestle? He couldn't wrestle his suspenders. But that made no difference. The only legitimate wrestling what you see today is in the subway. In the ring you need personality.

One look at No-Neck and the fans was crazy for him. The build on him alone was worth the money. But also he had a beard like a floor mop and the finest grunt that ever you heard outside a sixteen-course banquet.

Right away the Beef Trust gave him steady work. On Mondays he won. On Wednesdays and Fridays he lost. That kind of an arrangement I didn't like. And after the first week I bellyached to my cousin's son, Abner, press agent for the Trust, who got me the connection in the first place.

"Listen," I told him. "Why shouldn't No-Neck win at least twice a week?"

"Because the bum has no following," said Abner.

This Abner is a smart young fellow. In college he studied all kinds of languages. But plain English he understands too.

"O. K.," I said. "Maybe if I kick back a little ten per cent that would fix it?"

He shook his head. "Don't be ridiculous, Hymie. Only burpers being groomed as future champions win twice a week. You know that. It's the rule."

What Abner should have said was that the rules was what he made them. Because he was the Beef Trust brain. He did the thinking and they did the collecting. But what he said went.

"So why can't No-Neck be a future champ?" I asked.

"Because the future is uncertain," Abner said, very cold like.

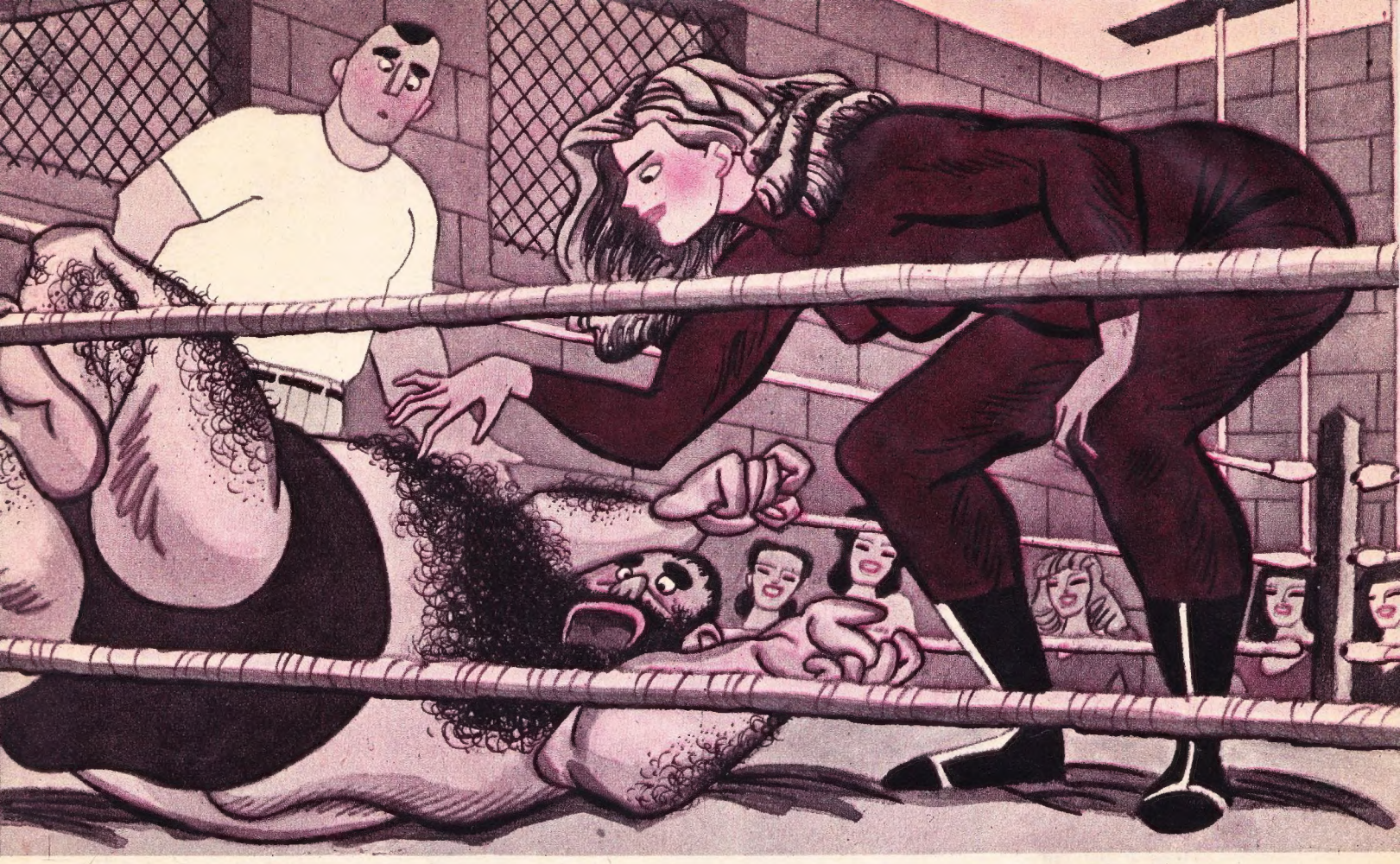
This was strictly double talk. But I knew what he meant. Abner was evening things up with me for my daughter Peggy. They'd been nuts about each other for years. And it was just to please him that she went to this fancy Westchester College to study to be a public relationist like he is. But a month ago he asked her to quit and marry him. She wanted to wait until the war was over. When she said "No," there was a terrific bust-up."

"Abner," I told him, "I could do for you maybe what you could do for No-Neck."

"For instance?" he said, very interested.

"If you will give No-Neck a build-up with the Trust, I could give you a build-up with Peggy."

"What makes you think you have any influence with her?"



Daffy jumped up. Bending down, she tickled him again, skipping from mole to mole. No-Neck howled. And the audience howled with him.

of the Profit

"Personally, Abner," I told him, "I got none. But personally, too, my checkbook has. It pays for the college."

That got him. "Just a minute," he said, "while I talk to the Trust." He ran into the next office, took a drink of water, and ran back. "It was very difficult," he said, "but I persuaded them. From now on, No-Neck wins on Wednesdays too."

The new arrangement made me very happy. First, it meant more dough. And, second, Abner really began beating the drum. An imagination he had like a real-estate salesman, and the hooey he got into the newspapers was wonderful—stuff how No-Neck used two rattlesnakes instead of suspenders to keep up his pants; that for breakfast he ate coconuts which he cracked on his dome.

The build-up caught on so good it practically ran away with Abner. The fans wouldn't believe it when No-Neck lost on Friday nights, and they would holler, "Fake!"

"You hear that?" I told Abner, "Class will tell. How about promoting No-Neck for a go with the champ?"

"Impossible," said Abner. "Some one else has already made a down payment on the title."

"So send back the receipt."

"Likewise impossible. The Trust has a code of ethics with managers."

Quick as a shot I gave him the Peggy business again. "With managers, O. K.," I said. "But with future father-in-laws?"

For a second he said nothing. Just looked at me with a look that would sour milk. Then he became sweetness. "On second thought," he said, "your suggestion appears quite logical. I believe I can convince the Trust to that effect."

"Abner," I said, "you are a gentleman."

So with Abner in the bag now, everything was fixed for the future, except maybe No-Neck Boyle's brain. Nothing could he keep his mind on except his beard. Two years already he had been fertilizing it. It was now down to his belly dimple, and thick like a tarbrush, so that his face you couldn't see, except a piece of nose and eyeholes. But still he wasn't satisfied. Six times a day he would run to a mirror or measure it with a ruler. And once when a piece got ripped off, I thought he would bust out crying.

"Don't take it so serious," I told him, "maybe we can find the piece and have it knitted back."

But he just went into a fog. What was worse, he was wrestling that night Ivan Skavisky, the Crazy Kalmuk. And even though he was supposed to win, No-Neck couldn't remember. Skavisky had a terrible time. The poor lug got so disgusted he had to knock himself out.

It was plain the beard was driving No-Neck nuts. But talking to him was no use. Every time I asked him, he would give me a dopey look. After the Skavisky business, though, I got mad and dragged him off to a fancy bug doctor who went by the name psychiatrist. But one look at the bug doctor and I knew I was throwing my money away. He had a chin mattress of his own.

"A simple case of escapism," he said, after a fifteen-minute quiz with No-Neck.

"So what's that?" I said.

"A form of neurosis."

"Could be," I said, "but also it is a beard; maybe ingrown hair in the brain?"

The bug doctor gave No-Neck's beaver a once-over. "It is a symbol of flight."

"You mean he's hiding from something?" I said.

"Exactly."

"So what's the cure, a razor?"

The bug doctor looked very sad. "From escapism there is no escape."

"You said it," I said, handing him fifty bucks.

All this happened just after I asked Abner to give No-Neck the build-up, and I was plenty worried. The bum was so mopey about this missing piece of beard, he didn't want to show his face. I had to hire three stiffs to wrestle him out of his

(*Continued on page 37*)

Death Before Death

The mere mention of the word leprosy is enough to throw terror into the minds of most people. But few of us know what leprosy is all about. Here's an up-to-date report on this age-old disease

BY VICTOR RACE

THANKS largely to ignorance, fear, and prejudice, leprosy has been a dreaded scourge for ages. But North Americans, vaguely aware of its existence, have looked on the disease—erroneously—as something that couldn't happen here.

Now, however, our servicemen are quartered all over the globe. Some of them, inevitably, are being thrown into contact with lepers. How much of a disk do these men run? Will they "catch" it? And what is mankind doing to prevent its spread or assuage the misery of those millions already infected?

Keenly interested in leprosy for years, I got my chance to answer these questions when I was made transportation officer aboard a troop transport and often visited tropical leprosariums.

Actually, leprosy is anything but rare, for 4,000,000 of the world's inhabitants—one out of every 500 people—are lepers. At one time nearly one third of England's population was afflicted. Yet our knowledge of the disease today is only slightly more advanced than that of Old Testament days. Medical science still does not know for sure how the leprosy bacillus is transmitted.

Equally serious is the blind prejudice about leprosy and its victims. Actually, we're not far ahead of the Middle Age Europeans who called the disease "death before death" and held public funeral services for living lepers, sprinkling dirt from a fresh-dug grave over their heads and pronouncing them legally dead.

Mr. Race with Palo Seco's Dr. Ezra Hurwitz and his wife near the entrance to the leper colony's church.

Today on this continent you have such fantastic tales, told and believed, as that of the man who contracted leprosy from the Chinese who laundered his shirts, or from a letter handled en route by a leper. Once a supposedly sophisticated New York editor gingerly handled one of my manuscripts on leprosy by the very corners, for fear of contagion!

Leprosy, thriving best in warm and sultry climates, was originally tropical. But human filth and congestion have carried it even to the Arctic, and to our own hemisphere. There are lepers in every Central and South American country, Chile possibly excepted, and in the islands of the Caribbean. There are almost 10,000 known cases in Colombia.

But it comes even nearer to home. Active new cases are found regularly in North America, where it appears to be localized in Florida, Texas, and—most frequently—Louisiana. New York City reports four or five cases annually. Investigation has proved that every one of the 100 or more U. S. cases reported was imported; none was traced to infection acquired locally.

In large foreign cities like Shanghai, Singapore, Calcutta, Bangkok, or Panama, lepers mingle with the populace every day. Tourists by the thousand have been jostled by them—without becoming infected. Why? And why shouldn't we be alarmed if a leper did appear among us?

The answer is, principally because leprosy is acquired, not inherited; and because current medical opinion holds that, to become infected, a person virtually must have had prolonged and intimate physical contact with a leper in early life and under substandard conditions of sanitation. Apparently the bacillus enters the human body by direct contact with the mucous membranes or a skin abrasion. Once infected, two years or as many as thirty may elapse before clinical manifestations occur.

Highly unorthodox theories flourish in the Far East, where probably 2,000,000 are afflicted. In China, for example, it is believed that an infected female may rid herself of her affliction through sexual intercourse, and many leprous women deliberately roam the streets for this purpose. Very rarely, however, is the disease transmitted through a single sexual contact. Probably not more than 5 per cent of all known cases can be traced to normal conjugal relations.

Primarily, one should picture leprosy as a mutilating and insidiously progressive skin disease of two major types, quite different in character, which often combine to produce a third condition, a so-called "mixed type."

The *nodular* type of leprosy is commonly called the "skin type" because symptoms affect mainly the surface of the skin. The first manifestation is often an innocent-looking pinkish spot usually on the face or a forearm, sometimes on a thigh or a buttock. After a period of years the spots develop into numb patches, with total loss of feeling and inability to perspire. Existence of leprosy is often detected by these two characteristics.

The celebrated martyr Father Damien first knew of his infection when he spilled hot water on his arm and felt no pain.

In his last days, almost fifteen years later, he had assumed what the doctors call a leonine countenance—the face of a lion—a crude trick of nature manifested in heavy raised nodules on the face, enlarged cheeks, elongated flabby ears, drooping lips, and thickened skin.

As an interesting side light, witnesses who prepared Father Damien's body for burial reported an ironic phenomenon: when he was laid to rest, his face showed no trace of the disease, appearing as smooth and clean as the day he arrived at Molokai.

The *anesthetic* or "nerve" type of leprosy is marked chiefly by irritation of the nerve fibers in the extremities. There are neuralgic pains, sensory disturbances, and then loss of feeling, usually in the fingers and toes. Often a person first becomes aware of his likely infection when he burns or cuts the tips of his fingers or toes and feels no pain.

As a corollary, small spots appear, sunburned in color. But unlike the skin type of leprosy, they usually occur on the covered portions of the body, such as the trunk, thighs, and arms. Their only similarity to those of the nodular type is that they do not sweat. Their surface is not raised, they are oval rather than round, and the skin does not scale. In the early stages of the disease, these spots are often mistaken for ringworm lesions, which they resemble.

As the disease develops, the nerves of the face, elbows, and knees are particularly attacked; often the fourth and fifth fingers become contracted; and the nerve trunks begin to enlarge, especially at the elbow. Tender at first, these nerve enlargements later become painless. Open ulcers attack the fingers and toes, and then an apparent disintegration of the bone causes a gradual shortening of these digits from the tips inward.

THE disease was thought to be the curse of the devil himself until 1871, when the brilliant Norwegian bacteriologist, Dr. Armauer Hansen, discovered and isolated the bacillus responsible. It closely resembles the tuberculosis bacillus; indeed, their single organisms are virtually indistinguishable. This is what confounds leprologists, for despite the great similarity of the causative agents, people generally sympathize with the victim of tuberculosis and are comparatively little concerned about contagion, yet the leper is the object of universal discrimination and fear. For example, tuberculous patients may ride in public conveyances in the United States, yet the law bars the leprous patient. The startling truth is that tuberculosis is far more contagious!

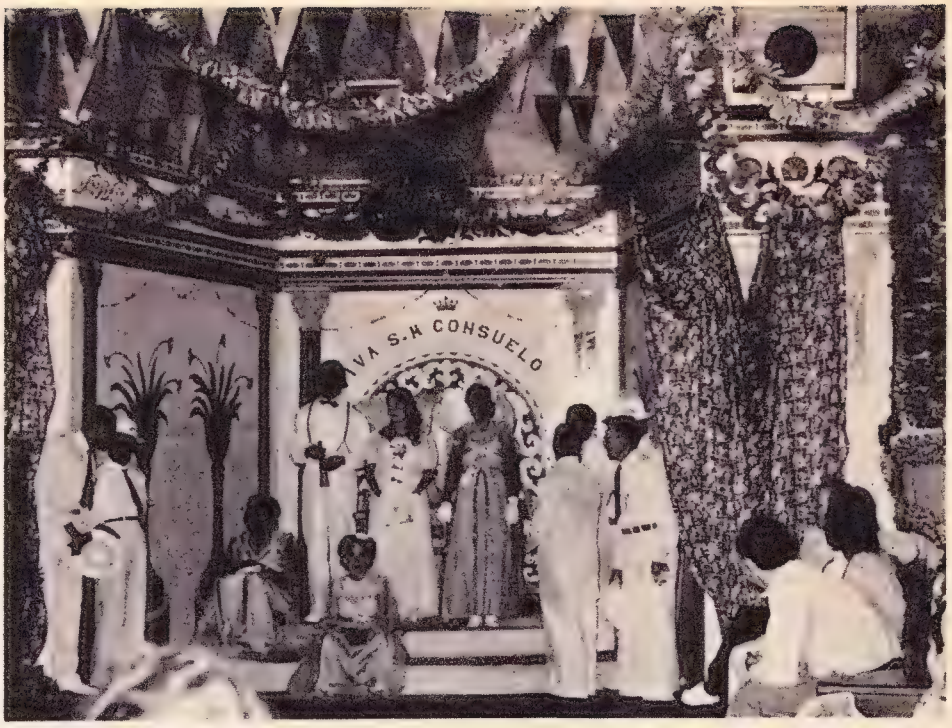
Obviously the germ is stubborn. It is one of the few known germs never found living outside the human body, and all efforts to grow it in artificial media have failed. In the almost fifty laboratory-recorded cases, heroic scientists and volunteers have deliberately attempted to infect themselves, but not one succeeded. Similarly, every experiment to infect animals has failed, even when injections were made into the eyes, the most sensitive of all organs.

With this background, let's visit an actual leper colony—Palo Seco, the U. S. government colony in the Canal Zone.

Palo Seco seems to be operated on a more "human" basis than other colonies. Its tropical setting is beautiful. But more impressive are the inspiring work and devotion of Dr. Ezra Hurwitz, resident doctor and superintendent of Palo Seco, and his charming wife.

When the United States decided to build the Panama Canal, the government realized that it would encounter some cases of leprosy, and entered into an agreement with the Republic of Panama: the United States would establish a colony, to care for its own charges and those from the Republic of Panama, with the cost of operation borne jointly.

A beautiful site was selected facing the Bay of Panama. Although not an island, as many other colonies are, it is sufficiently remote. Before the war it was accessible only by launch, but now it can be reached by road.



Palo Seco crowns its annual carnival's queen. All of those around her are lepers.

Palo Seco covers about 500 rolling, heavily wooded acres sloping to the ocean, affording a truly magnificent view of the bay, the South American side of the canal, and the passing parade of ships. The grounds are profusely planted. On the side of the hill, each with a full view of the Pacific and surrounded by stately palms, are the buildings for the patients, the hospital, laboratory, church, and the residence of the doctor. Above them all is an open-air shrine erected to Our Lady of Lourdes.

IN contrast to other leprosariums I had visited, there was not the slightest indication of enforced segregation at Palo Seco—no high, forbidding walls and patrolling guards, not even a fence around the colony property.

I had expected to meet a doctor advanced in years and dry as dust, with an equally aged wife—people devoid of youth and its zest for life, for what other kind would isolate themselves from the world in such a fashion? But it was a smiling young woman who came down the cottage steps to greet me, introduced herself as Mrs. Hurwitz, and led me to the doctor's headquarters.

Dr. Ezra Hurwitz, the first resident doctor in the history of Palo Seco, is a youthful-looking Chicagoan who has lived and worked with his patients for sixteen years. Mrs. Hurwitz, daughter of a prominent Panamanian family, whom the doctor married after he became superintendent of Palo Seco, has been there since the day after their honeymoon.

The colony, a model of efficiency and cleanliness, houses 119 patients, mostly from Central America and the West Indies, in eight modern two-story buildings. As we walked along palm-shaded paths, we were greeted everywhere with a smiling, pleasant "*Buenos dias*" by the patients sitting about. These were the early, nonconfined cases, few of whom were recognizable to a layman as leprous; a few, however, bore the unmistakable signs of their affliction.

We paused before a group of a half dozen patients, young men in their late twenties, sitting on a bench under a huge breadfruit tree. They were some of the colony's base-

(*Continued on page 45*)

In Palo Seco's one-pupil school room Sister Concepcion, from the Canal Zone, gives a geography lesson to twelve-year-old Ruth, the colony's youngest patient.

THESE THINGS CORPORAL PURDY HAD DREAMED OF FOR YEARS — A PRETTY GIRL, AN ICE-CREAM SODA, AND PEACE AND QUIET. BUT WHEN HE FOUND THE GIRL, PEACE AND QUIET FLED

"Let us hear from him," the father said. "You are the soldier who took her down to Bayou Bigolets last night. Do you deny it?"

The DANDY TRAP

BY KENNETH PERKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

"HOW about that girl you had in this town?" Corporal Purdy asked. "Aren't you going to ring her up?" Sergeant Jim Donnelly had a lot of pin-up girls and their addresses which he had collected everywhere—induction center, boot camp, P. O. E., even Normandy. No, he had no time for his New Orleans girl, he said, because his train was leaving for Memphis in half an hour. All he wanted was to get home.

That sounded quite plausible. All of these G. I.s on leaving their transport had gathered at the Louisville & Nashville station to buy tickets for home. "But she's the prettiest girl in the lot," Corporal Purdy said, puzzled, "and you've even got her address."

Several of the G. I.s laughed. Sergeant Donnelly's pin-up girls were beautiful, but were they bona fide? These addresses might be made up to show what a success the sergeant was. "Back home from overseas, a pretty girl, an address, a half an hour—and he doesn't even ring her up! What sense does that make?"

The sergeant turned on his hecklers. "So you're telling me I made the address up? Well, I'm going to show you birds something." He picked out the trusting and lonely Corporal Purdy. "When are you going home, Matt?"

"Haven't any home."

"I thought you said something about a farm in Ohio."

"It's sold for a housing project."

"How about your folks?"

"My stepfather moved to the Coast to work in a war plant, but I'm not going there. Not on a thirty-day furlough."

"Tsk-tsk! That's sad!" the sergeant observed. "Tell you what I'm going to do, Matt. You like the picture of Alice best of all, don't you? O. K. I'm going to phone her you're coming to see her."

It was an incredible bit of fortune to fall in Corporal Matt Purdy's lap, heaven sent! While the other G. I.s watched, big-eyed, Sergeant Jim looked up the number, went into a phone booth. Matt and some of the others heard a part of the talk—the part about Matt saving Sergeant Jim's life at Cherbourg. This was stretching a point. Matt had merely gotten Jim out of an altercation in a café. But it was a good way to put it, since this was to be a blind date.

Coming out of the booth, the sergeant announced breezily, "She's home and says she'll be glad to see you. Her name's Alice Lafone and I'm telling you she's a knockout!" He handed the photo to Purdy, then looked triumphantly at the other G. I.s. "Do I hear any more ribbing?"

Corporal Matt Purdy walked past the Pontalba building into the oldest part of New Orleans. He was on American soil again. But in these streets of pastel-painted houses and wrought-iron galleries he felt that he was as far from home as ever. It was not like America at all. He might as well be in Normandy. Why, it did not even smell like America! It smelled of jasmine and fig trees, of crawfish bisque, of stale wine and oysters.

But this did not matter. This America he had dreamed of coming back to was a picture in his pocket—a lovely young girl at a drugstore counter, sipping ice-cream soda. She could have been in any home town in the United States, but nowhere else in the world! And of course Corporal Purdy would be in the picture soon, sitting at her side.

When he found the address, he had that same misgiving again. This was like France. There was no front door as there should have been in an American house. It was merely a batten gate leading into a dank overhung alley. On the lavender-painted wall a sign read: ESRON LAFONE—Saints and Figurines.

He pressed a bell at the gate and saw an old woman in black hobbling toward him. She scowled when he asked for Miss Lafone, mumbling, "A soldier! But yes, of course! A brave fellow!' Then she snapped, "You will have to ask her father." She nodded toward the end of the alley and stepped aside to let him pass. He was somewhat surprised that instead of following him, she went out the batten gate and hurried across the street.

Purdy followed the alley, which got darker because of the overhanging galleries. Passing some wine barrels, he found himself in a garden almost completely roofed in by the galleries on all four sides. Fig trees and magnolias shut out the sunlight so that the flagstones were moist and green. There was even a plaster saint on top of a wine barrel in one corner. And on the other side, on a board set on sawhorses, was a row of smaller saints.

IN ANOTHER corner, behind a basket of ferns, he saw a black-browed sailor with tattooed shoulders staring at him. He was sewing. "Yes? You want something?"

Purdy thought it best not to mention Alice again, at least not for the moment. This fellow looked like a French apache and the setting was perfect for murder. "I wanted to see Mr. Lafone."

The sailor grinned on one side of his mouth and then continued his sewing. He bit a thread and said laconically, "I don't suppose you wanted to see my sister?"

Purdy answered, unruffled, "All right. I came to see your sister, since you want to know."

The grin left the seaman's face. "Hey, pops! A soldier's here. A corporal. Got service ribbons too."

An enormous man with a blue-black mustache and arms whitened with plaster of Paris appeared at the door. When he saw Purdy his eyes bulged slowly. "So? What is this?"

"He asked to see you first," the sailor chuckled. "*You!* That's a good one!"

"Well, then, maybe you do want to see me. About my daughter, of course?"

"Yes, of course," Purdy said brightly. "I'm a friend of Jim Donnelly—Sergeant Donnelly. He just phoned her."

"What do you mean, just phoned her? Why, she just got back from the delicatessen. Nobody has phoned her."

"Well, I meant," Purdy said, beginning to perspire, "it was a little while ago, perhaps not quite half an hour. I'm Matt Purdy."

"Very well, you are Matt Purdy, but what is this thing about a sergeant? Are there two of you after her? Or are you making up excuses to cover something?"

Purdy was astonished at this uncalled-for suspicion. Evidently these people did not like American soldiers.

"I thought from what the sergeant said, I'd be welcome here," he said wistfully. "I didn't know I'd get into an argument."

"Now he says we're arguing!" the sailor piped up.

"Just what *do* you want?" the father asked.

Purdy could have answered very definitely. He wanted to get home—back to the United States. He wanted a blue-eyed girl, a summer's evening, a soda fountain on Main and Elm streets, with the girl on a high stool by his side. He wanted peace.

THE man with the blue-black mustache burst out, "Well, why don't you say something? We will settle this mystery right now. Babet!" he called into the house. "Come here!"

"Babet?" Purdy repeated, puzzled. The name, as he remembered was Alice, but he had no time to clear up this point, for a girl appeared at the door.

It was not the Alice of the picture, but that did not matter in the slightest. The slim dark-haired beauty could be called by any name she wanted. Corporal Purdy gaped, then blushed, confused. He had seen her out there in the street somewhere. He remembered the bobby socks and her cream-colored legs. She had passed him, trundling a creaky baby carriage along the banquette. He recalled that detail distinctly, surprised that such a young slip of a girl could be a mother. He had almost been on the point of stopping her with the excuse of asking if she could direct him to this address, but she had hurried on.

Now she looked at him hard. "You say you want to see me? About what?"

"Don't you even know who he is?" the father exclaimed.

"I saw him in the street, come to think of it. When I turned into Conti, he turned too." She shrugged her shoulders. "I didn't know he was following me."

"I wasn't following you! If you'll let me explain," Purdy said politely. "I didn't say you knew me. It was a friend of mine. Jim Donnelly."

"Who is Jim Donnelly?" she asked blandly.

Purdy muttered with the first touch of panic, "Perhaps it's your sister he was talking about. The name was Alice, Alice Lafone."

"But I haven't any sister. Only that brother there," she nodded to the sailor. "And he's trouble enough."

So Sergeant Donnelly had made it all

(*Continued on page 41*)

BOSS LADY

By Elizabeth Wilson

Most stars build themselves up, but Joan Davis got to the top of the heap by knocking herself down. The story of the highest-paid woman entertainer in radio—and what makes her that way

ONE night last May, in Hollywood's Brown Derby, Joan Davis obligingly wrote her name on a paper. Autographs are nothing new to Joan. "I get more pencils that way," she says in her funny cracked voice. But this wasn't an ordinary autograph. It was something special for Lever Brothers. It meant that on September 3 she would replace George Burns and Gracie Allen in the Monday-night Swan Soap program over CBS. It meant also that, at thirty-two, she was the highest-paid woman entertainer on the air.

Lever Brothers pays her $17,500 a week for a thirty-minute show for forty weeks a year. This is a package deal, by which Joan hires the orchestra, writers, stooges, etc. In radio, bossing your own show is heaven. At the end of four years, with spaced salary jumps, Joan will have collected from her soap sponsor a very neat $4,000,000. And even though the tax collectors will riddle that figure, there's nothing like four million bucks to soothe a bruised ego. And you can't fall on your rear (Joan's specialty) for eleven years in Hollywood without bruising your ego.

Radio welcomed Joan Davis four years ago the way Atlanta welcomed Sherman. She had decided that there must be some way to eat regularly besides being mauled and mussed in front of a camera. Her agent suggested radio. The radio people said they thought not. Miss Davis' grimaces, contortions, pantomime, and—er—falls would be lost to the listening audience.

"It was only because my agent kept nagging them," says Joan, "that I finally landed the guest spot on the Vallee show. They hastily assured me that I wasn't important enough to carry the guest spot alone. I was the second guest star that evening. Nat Pendleton was the first."

Joan kidded herself on the show, and the audience liked her. Vallee invited her back to the Sealtest show for three more guest spots. When Joan failed to appear on the program some weeks later, fans wrote letters to the sponsor. Sponsors are a sensitive folk, and soon Joan was working steady with Rudy and the late John Barrymore. Vallee—who labeled her the radio find of '41, '42, and '43—entered the Coast Guard in 1942, and the following year she took his place on the Village Store program. Radio critics doubted her ability to handle such a responsibility. They needn't have worried. The show's Crossley rating jumped as if from a shot of adrenalin. Scripps-Howard and Cleveland Plain Dealer polls voted Joan radio's top comedienne of 1943. That year and again in 1944 she also won the Motion Picture Daily's Fame Poll, representing the votes of 600 radio editors.

Once, to improve her rating, Joan appeared as guest star on eight big radio programs in one week. Her show promptly jumped from nineteenth to fifth place in both Crossley and Hooper ratings. "I had four hours' sleep that week," groans Joan. "It was murder." By March, 1945, her Hooper rating was 26.5, marking her the biggest attraction on radio except for Bob Hope and Fibber McGee and Molly.

When she signed her Lever Brothers contract, "the hottest femme in radio" (Variety's quotes) decided that it was high time she unsuppressed one of her long suppressed desires. "All my life I've wanted to be an executive," says Joan dreamily, "with an office and a desk and a typewriter." So she took over a furnished office on the Sunset Strip, and nailed up her shingle which read, "Joan Davis Enterprises." Inside, she sat down importantly at her desk, feeling very executive, and started interviewing writers for her new program. The chair promptly tossed her into the waste-paper basket. When the next writer arrived she forgot to unwind her legs—she always sits with her legs intertwined—and greeted him with one of her more humorous falls. The third writer was treated to a mild strip tease when the pencil she had tucked behind her ear dropped embarrassingly down the front of her dress. Joan gave up.

She may not be office-broken, but she's a very shrewd business woman. She keeps a lawyer on tap, but draws up her own contracts. She's one of the few stars in Hollywood who doesn't employ a business manager to do her arithmetic for her. "I even do my own income tax," she says sadly. "That's why my hand shakes."

The highest-paid woman on the air is also just about the highest-paid comedienne in films. Joan is signed to do two pictures a year at RKO for $175,000, and two more a year at Universal for $150,000. She now demands, and gets, star billing. Her last two pictures at RKO, Show Business and George White's Scandals, were strictly big-budget, big-time productions.

Her greatest problem, of course, is to get everything done in a twenty-four-hour day. She usually starts at 4.45 A. M., at which ungodly hour her maid wakes her and refuses to retreat until Joan is under the shower. Joan hates getting up, and even tries to bribe her maid to let her sleep just five minutes longer.

At five fifteen she drinks breakfast—orange juice and coffee, year in and year out. Then, because she prides herself on having never been late to a studio or a broadcast, she manages to dress, get her car out of the garage and start on that sleeper jump from Bel-Air to the RKO studios. "There's always a pea-soup fog, and I have to drive hanging out the side of the car. Sometimes it takes me fifty

Joan's specialty bruises her—ego.

minutes." Then she adds, "Do you think I am making this gruesome enough to scare off competition?"

After a befogged passage through hairdressing and make-up, she's usually the first one on the set at nine. She's in a complete haze until that first take—and then she's wide awake. When the set breaks for lunch she grabs a quick sandwich and a soft drink. She leaves the studio at six and rushes over to CBS to rehearse. Naturally, there's a lot more to a show than meets the ear on broadcast night. And, being the boss, Joan has to be in on all of it. When she has finished at CBS she goes straight home to bed. Dinner is served to her on a tray. Her dessert: celery. She usually gets to sleep around eleven.

Such a schedule knocks the tar out of Joan's social life. When she and husband Si Wills, former vaudeville partners, first came to Hollywood, eleven years ago, they haunted night clubs and had more friends than a Tammany district leader. But when Joan took up radio along with pictures, she became too busy. "My friends," says Joan sadly, "are always sneering at me, 'You and your big fat career.'"

Her best friend is Mrs. Helen Isaacson, a nonprofessional. When Mrs. Isaacson complained of being lonely, Joan suggested that she get a job as extra in one of her pictures, so they could visit on the set. The first day Mrs. Isaacson got a six-o'clock call. The second day she got another. "This is not for me, Joan," she said, trying to steam her eyes open with hot coffee. "I'd rather be lonesome."

Whenever Joan can finagle a few days' vacation, she and Si rent a boat and go fishing. Both are avid fisherfolk. The big event in her life was when she hauled in two marlins—among the gamest of fighting fish—one day a couple years ago. Joan insisted upon having her picture taken with the marlins to prove her fish story. The picture now hangs in a prominent spot in her office, even though the marlin fins, apparently sprouting from her upper lip, make her resemble a mustachioed subway poster.

Joan likes to go to Los Angeles' Chinatown for a Chinese dinner, or to the race track, when she can find the time. She complains resignedly that her horses are always looking around to see what became of the milk wagon. There doesn't seem to be much time for gin rummy or poker these days either. Joan, Si will tell you, has always been a pushover for poker. As he recalls it, vaudeville actors would take a cut in salary just to get on the same bill with Joan. She could go a full year without winning a pot. Realizing that his bride was a pigeon, Si finally put her on a twenty-dollar weekly allowance, which she invariably lost after the Monday matinee.

The funniest woman in the world, according to the polls, lives in a colonial house, rather small, but with a swimming pool, in very swanky Bel-Air. She decorated the house herself in eighteen-century style. It's the third house the Willses have had in Hollywood. "Every house, I go back a century," says Joan. "If I keep moving I'll end up in a log cabin." With her rigid schedule, she isn't home much, except week-ends, and the house is run by a cook, and a butler who doubles as gardener, and a maid who doubles as secretary. Her one pet, to whom she is devoted, is the aged Big Boy, an English bulldog, now fourteen. At various times Beverly, her lively young daughter, has brought home lizards, snakes, turtles, rabbits, and frogs, but fortunately they proved only transients. Beverly's latest attachment was for a goat. Joan, an adoring mother, put up with it as long as she could. "When the goat ate my last package of cigarettes, I said, 'That's all, Beverly, the goat goes.'"

Luckily Joan's "big fat career" has not upset her family life. Her husband writes gags for her programs, and Beverly has appeared often on the Village Store show, billed as her mother's little sister. Beverly also had a scene in the first reel of Joan's latest picture, George White's Scandals. Eleven-year-old Beverly, now in boarding school, gets home only for week-ends.

She's her mother's greatest fan, and has been imitating her almost since the day she was born. "Her first word," says Joan, "was mama, in the same cracked voice I have. I turned to Si and said, 'Oh, no, not another one in the family.' We had sort of hoped that Beverly would be a lady—but soon we knew she was going to be a chip off the old gag."

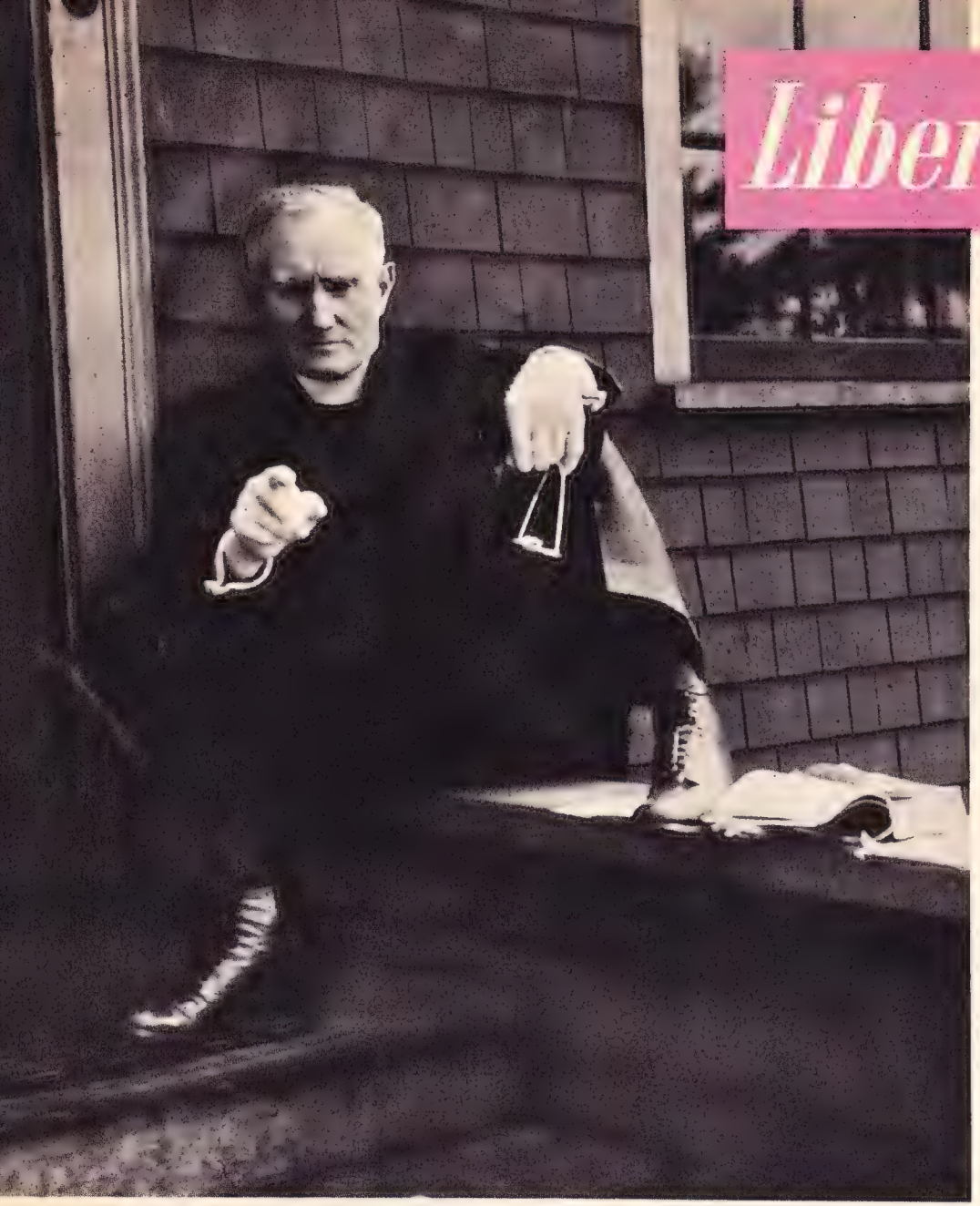
Beverly complained one night of not being able to sleep. "What do you want me to do," asked Joan, "sing you a lullaby?"

"With that voice?" shot back Beverly.

More recently Beverly returned from school one afternoon looking very important. "Well, I certainly stuck up for you today," she announced.

(*Continued on page 46*)

Daughter Beverly, Boss Lady's greatest fan, gets expert coaching for movie debut.



Liberty Profile

"FATHER JIMMY"

James Tompkins, M. A., LL. D., is a parish priest who has led the Maritime miners and fisherfolk to economic salvation through co-operative ownership of their own businesses, banks, and homes. But his world-wide fame leaves him unimpressed

BY MURRAY COTTERILL

THE usual picture of a man who has an LL. D. and a Harvard M. A. tacked on the end of his name is that of a dignified savant cloistered in some hall of learning set among stately shade trees. But James Tompkins, M. A., LL.D., fits that picture not at all. Father Tompkins is a small elderly parish priest who lives with a young assistant in a frame rectory beside a dusty road in the straggling Cape Breton mining town of Reserve Mines. The rectory is pretty cramped, too, since the community library fills what was meant to be the front parlor.

No one in Reserve Mines, however, bothers much with the tradition of how an M. A., LL. D., should look or where he should live. To them, this noted scholar is plain "Father Jimmy," although they sometimes use "Doctor" when speaking of him to Upper Canadians.

While other degree holders may be contented with some dusty tome as a memorial, Father Tompkins has already had a town named after him. This borough is located a short distance from the rectory, complete with a signpost on the highway which reads "Tompkinsville." The "town," which is merely a group of houses on both sides of a short unpaved road, is, nevertheless, world-famous. Its fame rests on the fact that it is the prototype of many clusters of co-operatively built and co-operatively owned houses that now dot Cape Breton, and also that it is the model for scores of housing study groups all over the continent.

For all its fame, Tompkinsville is merely the most obvious evidence that Father Jimmy has left his mark on Canada's Maritimes.

Down on the Strait of Canso there is the first of the thriving fishermen's co-operative marketing and processing societies which are now admitted to be the great hope of Nova Scotia's important fishing industry, societies through which the fisherfolk have pulled themselves out of debt. There are the many study groups, credit unions, and co-operative societies which have grown up wherever Father Tompkins has taught. And, most important of all are the libraries which are inspiring the folk of the Maritimes with new ideas of a fuller life.

Father Jimmy is seventy-five years old and shows that vague, almost shining transparency of complexion which marks an old age preceded by good health and vigorous living. His hair is wispy and white-tufted eyebrows hang over deep-set eyes. When he is speaking his jabbing forefinger punctuates each argument in detail. Despite his years, the good father can jump from his seat with the vigor of a ten-year-old to locate some book or chart that is needed to document a discussion.

Though world-famous as an adult educator, Father Tompkins is first and foremost a parish priest. It is his earnest belief in Christianity as a way of life and his keen sympathy for the spiritual welfare of his parishioners which have combined to produce his more publicized activities. Although his community is preponderantly Roman Catholic, Father Tompkins' study groups are wide-open affairs. The co-ops and credit unions are, by constitution and objective, militantly nondenominational. Protestant clergymen are frequent callers at the rectory, and one out-of-town minister and his wife once slept overnight on the father's enclosed veranda, so interested were they in further study of the Reserve Mines projects.

Father Jimmy admits, however, that there are some who feel that his activities are a bit unorthodox and embarrassing.

"But," he says, "they don't understand that things are different nowadays. You don't feed the hungry and help the poor in quite the same way that you did in years gone by. The best way is to show people how to help and feed themselves."

Of English and Irish extraction, Dr. Tompkins was born in Margaree, Nova Scotia, in 1870, the son of a farmer. The family was a large one and, after his mother's death, young Jimmy went to live with his grandfather. He attended school

at Margaree, settled upon the priesthood for his life's work, studied at St. Francis Xavier in Antigonish and later at the Urban College in Rome.

A zealous Maritimer, Father Tompkins returned to St. Francis Xavier in 1902, taking on the task of recruiting a staff which would put that college on a high scholastic standard. There was, of course, the added task of helping collect the money to keep such a staff operating. Traveling through Canada, the United States, and Europe, he collected a faculty which, as he now recalls, included three Cambridge grads, one Oxonian, one each from the University of Paris, Johns Hopkins, Munich, and the University of Toronto.

Although after this new beginning the college attracted able students from all parts of the Maritimes and turned out many capable graduates, two glaring defects worried the Nova Scotians who were the prime movers within the university. First, too many of the young graduates were gravitating to the better jobs and higher earnings available in Upper Canada and the United States. Second, despite the high-grade faculty, there were seldom more than 200 students to be taught.

In 1921 the university decided that if the people couldn't come to the university, the alternative was to take the university to the people. Thus was born the world-famed St. Francis Xavier University Extension, "St. F. X.," or "St. Evec" as it is known to thousands of Nova Scotians.

"The Less You Know the Better We Like It . . . Provided You're Anxious to Know!" became the slogan of the first "People's School" set up by the Extension Department in 1921. Down on Canso Strait that slogan signaled a new era.

Back in those early '20s it was hard to get fishermen to concern themselves about books and education. Many of them couldn't read, and many who could read didn't bother. What was the use when life was almost entirely a matter of fishing from dawn to dusk for a catch that brought a pittance from the fish buyers? Sitting on the counters of the village stores, Father Tompkins tried out his academic techniques on these new and different students. But the spark wouldn't catch.

THEN he tried a new approach. Why not relate the dull word "education" to something practical? Why not talk about subjects which might produce immediate benefits for fisherfolk?

Casting academics to the winds of Canso, Father Tompkins started discussions about fish prices, about ways and means of securing a higher price for the catch. He talked of co-operative selling and cajoled a few of his listeners into trying the idea. A fisherman by the name of Billy Feltmate was the spark plug, Father Tompkins recalls. Billy came by one day with an advertisement clipped from a Boston paper which asked fishermen to send their lobsters direct in crates. Four or five fishermen—Father Tompkins can't remember now exactly how many—got together on that first try and crated up about 140 pounds of lobster and sent it to the Boston address. The fishermen knew that the crate of lobsters if sold to buyers of local packers would be worth less than ten dollars.

When a letter came back some days later, Billy wouldn't open it until the rest of the shipping group had gathered around. His hand shook with excitement. When he opened the envelope they all saw the check for thirty-two dollars and a request to send along more lobsters.

That venture was the beginning of co-operative selling and, finally, of co-operatively owned canning plants that have brought a new prosperity to scores of fishing villages along the Maritime shores. Most important, from Father Tompkins' viewpoint, it was the beginning of a new interest in education, study, and reading on the part of the fishermen.

"You've got to make 'em see ghosts. People who see ghosts are never the same afterward," is the startling way that Dr. Tompkins sums up his teaching objective. His "ghost" is no spectral body, but a vision which shatters the belief that any just end is impossible of achievement. He says that he wants his pupils to realize that they can shape their own futures.

Tucked into various corners of the library room where he talks with visitors are charts, hand-painted in white on black cloth. One favorite reads, "People multiplied by Resources multiplied by Education equal Progress." The chart shows that no matter how many people or how many resources there may be in a land, no progress results until there is education and science to show the people how to use those resources.

"We've got the people," Father Jimmy points out, "excellent stock too, descendants of some of the finest races in the world, brought here to work the mines."

As for the resources, Father Tompkins can outdo any Chamber of Commerce press agent in his praise of Cape Breton's natural wealth.

THERE was a time when credit and debts and lack of ownership were a constant drag on any miner's dreams of progress. Most Reserve Mines coal diggers bought everything on time or on credit. Today, the town, thanks to Father Tompkins' teaching, has a credit union and a people's bank with over $50,000 in assets. The men who once thought they hadn't the education to operate any business now own a co-operative store which did $180,000 worth of business last year—cash business, not credit—and will do more this year. All the profits go back in the form of a co-op dividend or rebate.

Most famous of all the results of Father Jimmy's work is the Tompkinsville housing project. They're used to visitors in Tompkinsville. Father Jimmy will knock at a door, holler a greeting, and proceed to show visitors a roomy frame house with a garden around it. That home has hot-air heating, a big living room, and a cupboard-lined kitchen, three bedrooms, and a good-sized modern bathroom. The man who lives there helped build his own and his neighbors' houses in after hours, learning not only housing laws and long-term finance but actual construction techniques in the process. To carry his home and its taxes, a Tompkinsville resident pays $11.50 a month. This payment includes a $2.50-a-month contribution to the group reserve fund which looks after community improvements and payments for sick participants, or which can be used to purchase the share of any member who wishes to leave the community.

All this, according to Father Tompkins, is just a start. Right now his study groups are learning the workings and financial structure of co-operative burial societies, community laundries, part-time farming, and similar activities.

Headquarters for the father's assaults against inadequacy and indifference is the Reserve Mines People's Library in the front room of the rectory. There are more than 5 000 books available; of these, less than 5 per cent are fiction. Father Tompkins' miners read books on economics, political science, philosophy, biography, current affairs, and technical subjects.

To start the children on the right path, the adults have opened a new library in the school basement, staffed by a full-time graduate librarian, Sister Frances Dolores. She rounds out the Father Tompkins formula for a library: "Books plus a librarian who is also an adult educator."

Father Tompkins wants to see more and more community libraries in the Maritimes. Recent government statistics show that in Sydney, the big steel town of Cape Breton, there is an annual library-book-reading figure of .2 book a person, while in the industrial town of St. Catharines, Ontario, the total for the same year was nine books a person. The good father wants to see that differential wiped out.

AN outstanding personification of the results that Father Tompkins' adult-education methods produce is Jim Marsh, chairman of the School Board at Reserve Mines and secretary of the Co-operative Society. Only a few years ago, though he was already old enough to be married and to have a good-sized family, this school-board chairman was unable to read.

Even more dramatic was the incident which took place when members of a government commission studying the industrial problems of Nova Scotia and its giant steel-and-coal corporation came down to Reserve Mines to see if there weren't something there which would help them in their task. The commission members' discussion with the miners got around to social-security laws. One of the miners began talking with confident authority on the subject.

"Have you read the Beveridge Report?" asked an erudite commissioner half-amusedly.

"Yes," snapped back the miner, "and the Marsh Report too."

Father Tompkins can't quite understand how he happened to get so famous. In the guest book in his library are the names of scores of distinguished educators and leading citizens from many lands. His greatest surprise was the occasion when he received his honorary degree from Harvard in 1941. At this event Oxford, represented by its chancellor, Lord Halifax, and a large bevy of English degree holders, was to present an honorary degree upon the late President Roosevelt. Unfortunately the President was ill, but all the other important people were there. Wandering about among this world-famous company, the little parish priest of Canso and Reserve Mines had the time of his life, never realizing that many of the distinguished educators present were gazing upon him with similar awe and interest.

Despite his seventy-five years, the good priest is still looking for new worlds to conquer. His latest crusade stems out of recent reading about the Tennessee Valley Authority and what it has accomplished.

"The economic mismanagement of Cape Breton calls for a TVA type of project, as do the Maritime Provinces in general!" is Father Tompkins' new battle cry.

He's talked it over with Judge Carroll, chairman of the Coal Commission, with Clary Gillis, the C. C. F. coal-miner M. P. for Cape Breton, and with other leading citizens. The father is pushing study of the TVA, supplying literature about it through the People's Library.

The fact that encouraging a project of province-wide size is a far bigger task than any community activity and something many a younger man would hesitate about doesn't faze him in the least.

"It's just a matter of education," says Father Jimmy. "If the people, by their own efforts, can equip themselves with libraries and librarians, can study and run banks, study and run stores, study and build homes, study and run fish canneries, why, it's just a matter of time and effort before they can study and run steel mills, coal mines, and factories!"

THE END

The Love Expert

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Dan made a specialty of analyzing women. When his own wife left him he knew the reason all right, but he had little or no understanding of what brought her back

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DE SOTO

IT was one of those nights at Randy's Restaurant when practically everybody showed up; being Monday, a lot of the other spots were closed, and around eleven o'clock the boys began flocking in. Big Dan knew that any minute now somebody'd start a jam session, and the place would be really rocking—but he couldn't stay for it. The kids were alone—and it was a long trip to New Jersey in that old Ford of his. Somehow he'd have to make an excuse.

There were about ten guys at Big Dan's table now, and an eleventh was trying to squeeze his chair in—he'd heard, no doubt, that Big Dan was in form tonight.

Big Dan talked about only two things—love and music; the boys were used to talking about only one thing—music. So, in a way, Big Dan was a change of tempo. He was a musician too, but only a "sitter-inner," which is to say when somebody got sick he could date a job and fill in on the drums. Drums were his specialty, though he had been known to bang out very good boogie-woogie piano.

But Big Dan didn't work much somehow—there were some who said it was because he was, well—lazy; or else just too easygoing. But he could talk music—and intelligently—and that's what he liked to do even better than working at it. He'd been one of the original Jazzland Five back in the days when jazz was born, and when he recalled "Bix" and some of the other early greats, the boys really listened with awe.

But lately Big Dan had been reading up on "glands." Big Dan was a tall, lean, hungry-looking Irishman. His coat never matched his pants, and his pants were very old, old pants. But despite his appearance, whenever he spoke he was convincing; the boys had great love and respect for him. He was utterly serious about everything, and never once had he "touched" anybody for so much as a dime, though the boys could possibly guess how he managed to keep body and soul together.

Big Dan's research on "glands" was very enlightening. He could tell, he said, just by looking at a woman what type she was. He could tell from her face what kind of glands she had, and from her glands what she was apt to do—how loyal or disloyal she might be; whether she would make a good wife; how much true affection she had in her heart, whether she was highly emotional or icy cold.

The types varied *ad infinitum*, and each type was a separate and complete case history. The boys would nod out the plate-glass window of Randy's at a young lady going by on the street, and with no more than a glimpse at her Big Dan would rattle off a convincing thumbnail description of what she was like.

It got to be a nightly game at Randy's every time Big Dan showed up, and this was frequently.

However, lately the boys had grown tired of gland analysis of only passing strangers; they began bringing their girl friends in. When an opportune moment came they'd seat the girl with the others at Big Dan's table. Without any embarrassment on Big Dan's part at all he'd start the analysis then and there, and with an accuracy that was amazing, he'd sum up the girl's entire character, bad faults with good. Most of the ladies admitted Big Dan had them pegged.

Tonight Big Dan had analyzed four different ladies and had done a lot of talking, and he was ready to go. The conversation had dwindled, anyway, into small talk. "How's Nan?" somebody asked.

"Fine."

"And the kids?"

"Swell."

"That old bike frame you bought for a buck here one day—ever get it fixed up, Dan?"

"Can't get the right parts," Dan said. "I've got it in the shed at home. I'll get to it some day."

Everything was some day, he thought: that article he was going to write for Downbeat on boogie-woogie; that song he was working on.

THEN two more people were sitting down at the table. Two of the boys got up to make room because it was a guy with a girl—and they were both grinning. Big Dan looked up at them as they sat down. He knew what they wanted. He glanced at the woman—then he looked again. Very unusual type, he thought. That was the way he started:

"Very unusual type," he said. He leaned forward, studying her. The boys at the table were intent. The woman had soft rust-red hair; a naïve, oval face, a generous mouth, blue eyes. Big Dan concentrated on the details.

"Postpituitary gland," he said. "Loyal—patient. But she has a limit. Isn't that right?" The woman nodded. "She'd be neat, efficient, very tidy," Bib Dan went on, "save your pennies for you. She's the type who'll endure a lot and suffer in silence. She's a complete poker-face. Whatever emotion she feels is buried deep inside of her. That right?" The woman nodded again. "But, buried or not, the emotion's there all right," Big Dan continued, "intense, vital, and capable of reaching a point where it will eventually explode."

"How'd she be as a wife?" her companion asked, smiling. He was a trumpeter.

"Tender she'd be, and loving," Big Dan said. "You couldn't miss!"

He ended the analysis with this, a little abruptly perhaps, but he was tired, and already the first licks of the jam sessions had started. As he rose, he heard the trumpeter thanking him, then the voices of the others: "Old Big Dan, he sure tags them, doesn't he?"

IN New Jersey, driving in through the yard of the old ramshackle country house which he rented for thirty dollars a month (that reminded him, he hadn't paid the rent in a long time; he'd have to think about that tomorrow), he saw that the house was in total darkness. He put the old Ford in the shed and came in through the back door.

"That you, daddy?"

"Yes, Mimi," he said. Mimi was thirteen. "How's Igit?" Igit was only four.

"Fine, daddy. She's asleep."

"That's good. You go to sleep now too, dear."

He tiptoed into his room, the old floor creaking under him. He sat on the bed and undressed. It seemed funny not to see Nan asleep there on the bed—even after six weeks it still seemed funny! He didn't blame her for anything—old country house, him, and worn-out bikes and worn-out dreams. All he could do was *talk* a good dream. She had a good job in town now. She could take care of herself. He didn't blame her for leaving him at all—only he felt lonely! Still, Mimi was getting bigger; he could talk to her pretty soon.

He climbed into bed. It'd been a tight moment tonight at Randy's; he'd never told her how he wasted his time there—so she hadn't expected to see him when she came in. Poker-face! He smiled. He'd been glad tonight she was a poker-face. It would have been awful any other way! He hoped she'd be happy with the trumpeter. She deserved a break with a swell guy like him.

An hour later, after the doorbell rang, he stood barefoot in his odd-fitting pajamas, staring, as the trumpeter brought Nan's bags in. Then Nan came in herself and the trumpeter left. Nan was crying.

Much, much later, his voice still choked, Big Dan was saying:

"I'm cured, honey! Honest! Tomorrow I'm going out and look for a steady job. Tomorrow—*first thing!*"

THE END

"How'd she be as a wife?" her companion asked, smiling. "Tender she'd be, and loving," Big Dan said. "You couldn't miss!"

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

ATTLEE TEATIME—Prime Minister Clement R. Attlee relaxes for a moment with his family. Left to right, it includes Section Officer Janet, Mrs. Attlee, Felicity, and Alison, the youngest.

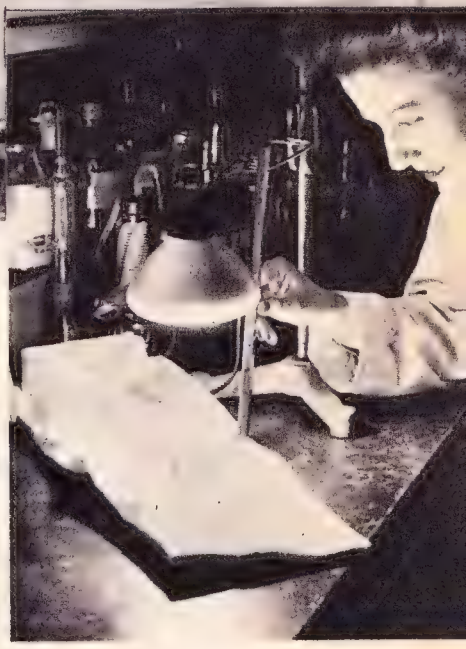
INFLATION'S O. K.—when it is used to build homes like these of Goodyear's in Arizona. To fashion them, concrete is poured over inflated balloons. Thus there's no fuss, truss—or corners to sweep. They're also useful and versatile as farm buildings.

BACK TO SCHOOL—Kindergarten educators learn children's dances in order to teach them. In Chicago, DePaul University drew nuns from twenty-four states for its summertime curriculum.

ONE OF THE FAMILY—"No dogs," was the rule at Maine's Presque Isle air base. That was enough for Mr. and Mrs. Walter Schonleber and their daughter June. They chucked up good jobs at the base and returned to Boston, 427 miles. Fluffy went also.

ENGLAND'S BACK IN FORM—Its first beauty contest in six years was won by Miss Mary Drummond, third from right. A bookkeeper, she should master any column of figures.

CLAMBAKE—Okinawa style. A Taira damsel helps serve U. S. Army officers who attended a recent Ryukyu dance festival. Geisha girls were among the native performers who entertained the party with choregraphy.



UNSCORCHER—Just ten minutes' exposure to this sun lamp takes out slight scorching, according to Westinghouse researchers, and restores hubby's shirt to its original whiteness. It'll be just as well if your scatterbrained laundress doesn't hear about it.

UNUSUAL WEATHER—is simulated here by Humphrey Bogart for a scene in The Two Mrs. Carrolls. But it's not so tough. After Bogart takes shelter from the rain, he goes into the arms of Barbara Stanwyck, a maneuver which should make him forget all minor discomforts.

Almost from birth Joe's life had been a struggle. Then with success in sight, it happened – he killed a man. How he made amends is a strange and fantastic story

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

BY PAUL THIELEN

"I'm through with this." He turned away and started to go. "Get outa' my way. I said I'm through with this. I'm through with you, too."

Remember Joe Campello

I STEPPED out of the Army plane at LaGuardia airport at eleven in the morning. First of all I checked in at the Sentinel office, and most of the same familiar faces were still around, shackled to the desks the way they were when I embarked two years, two months, and sixteen days before. I wore my uniform with "War Correspondent" neatly pinned across my chest and a service ribbon with four stars. Quite a guy I was, a credit to the New York Sentinel.

I lunched with the boss in the cafeteria downstairs and listened to the nice words he had to say. I'd been around, all right, with date lines from the Aleutians, Kwajalein, Guam, Saipan, and Okinawa, and the yarns I wrote were readable indeed. I was the guy who had parachuted from a Superfortress returning from a Tokyo strike, and here I was now, home from the wars.

I thought I'd go out to the Yankee Stadium and see what McCarthy had this year. I still remembered the way to Manny Meyer's Birdhouse. The place was still and quiet and the sunshine waited outside. A bartender in a starched white jacket was polishing glasses behind the bar, and over in the corner sat Manny himself.

He looked up from the table as I approached and his eyes widened in surprise. "This I don't believe," he told himself. His face brightened in a smile. "Welcome home, Pete. When you get into town? Whatcha have to drink, huh?"

I said I'd have a double whisky, and Manny looked me up and down. "You're looking good, Pete," he said. "Big-time now, eh, kid?"

I said, "Yeah. The world's my oyster, Manny. How are things with you?"

"Fine. Just fine," he said. "I could serve horsemeat and iodine, they'd love it." Manny's shape was rounder. A nice guy, Manny.

"I seen your stories in the papers, Pete," he said. "I was proud. Hell, you're my protajay, ain't you? Why don'tcha have a steak, kid? I got some nice ones I save for people."

"No, thanks," I said. "Give me a rain check on it, though." I paused and thought of other things. "You liked my stories, huh, Manny?" I said.

"I loved 'em. Terrific. By me they were the nuts."

"I've got a better one, Manny," I said. "The best one of all. The one I never wrote. You remember Joe Campello, Manny?"

He looked at me and nodded his head sadly. "How could I forget?" he said. "Certainly I remember Joe."

HIS name was Joseph Campello, and he came from somewhere over in Brooklyn. His whole family had been killed one day when a gas heater leaked and spilled its fumes through the tenement apartment. He had come into Manny Meyer's one afternoon, a tall skinny kid with big hands and a hungry look, and Manny, sympathetic slob, put him to work. He hauled beer and soda water cases from one place to another, and sometimes bused the dinner trays in Manny's dining room. Later, when he grew older, he mixed prescriptions behind the bar. He was promoted step by step until at length he knew more about the operations than Manny did himself.

I was covering district that fall for the Sentinel, and I started coming into Manny's place. That was when I first met Joe. He was a big man, about my age, and he made a large and somewhat handsome spectacle as he moved around the premises, creating small talk with the white-collar trade that Manny had begun to assemble. His hair was black as a lump of hard coal and his white teeth were neat and even, and the many social graces he'd acquired so vicariously were commencing to develop.

He was shrewd and smart in a manner not gathered from study of the textbooks, and tough and hard with many muscles spread throughout his body, and maybe some between his ears. A lad of many talents, Joe's hands could maneuver a deck of cards, do tricks with them, some not legal, I had heard. They could, with equal grace, hold a demitasse, I suspect, or tear telephone directories in two. Joe read books. Joe was moving up all right. "Nothing will stop me, Pete," he'd say. "What I don't know, I'll learn."

I SAW him hit a man one time. No doubt the guy deserved the punch, a stewpot heckling an act when one of Manny's hired hands was doing his stint in the midnight show. The words he used would not have been endorsed by the Gideon Society. Joe deftly conveyed the guy outside the door, slapped him once across the face, and that was that. Almost.

The guy spat, called Joe a nasty name. Joe didn't see the gimmick in his fist. I did. I hollered.

Joe whirled around quickly and hit him squarely on the chin. The man twisted like a corkscrew to the sidewalk. Joe rolled him over. He raised his foot and kicked him in the mouth, and I saw the guy's teeth crumble. He raised the guy's head and smashed it to the cement. I jumped and pulled him off, and it was a struggle I want no part of again.

Joe waved to the kid who supervised the parking lot. "Take this guy and dump him somewhere. Anywhere. Only get him out of here."

"Yessir," the kid said. There was an expression of awe upon his face.

The hatred was still smoldering in Joe's eyes. "Good Lord, Joe," I said. "You could have killed the guy. Are you crazy?"

"I got no time for bums," he said. He brushed off his clothes, adjusted the tie. We wended our way through the room and I watched him nodding to nice people here and there. It was frightening and perversely thrilling to see the conversion of Joe's sentiments.

It doesn't tell much, that incident, and yet it tells a tale of great dimensions. No skirting obstacles for him. He charged through them and the people in the thoroughfares be damned. "He isn't really bad, Pete," Angie told me once, a long time later. "He just can't stand things being in his way. He's good, Pete, and kind. But he wants success so much, it scares me." Which was a rather adequate summation of his character.

He got into trouble from time to time, but not seriously, and Manny, artful merchant, had connections. Joe got along. I did, too. I was moved up to features on the Sentinel before I saw another side to Joseph Campello.

HE brought the girl around one afternoon when Manny and I were playing cribbage. He came over to the table. Manny looked up.

"I got her here," he told Manny.

Manny said, "Huh? Who?"

"A girl. We can use her in the show. She'll add some class to the place."

"So?" Manny said. "Class we already got."

Joe said, "We'll have more. Come see."

Manny pushed the cards and the cribbage board away. "What she do?" he asked.

"She sings," Joe said. "You listen now." He went away and came back presently with the girl in tow. "This is Angela Rocco," he introduced her. "Once a classmate of mine at St. Theresa's grade school." He turned to her and grinned reassuringly. "Say hello to the nice man who's going to be your boss."

The girl smiled tentatively, held out her hand. She was a tall girl on neat long legs. Her hair and her eyes were black, and she wore a simple dress that was kind to the perfection of her curves.

Manny nodded, kept his seat, and bit off the end of his cigar. "O. K.," he said. "So let's hear what you can do."

The song she chose was called My Prayer, a ditty that was a rather hot commodity that year. She handled the tune with care, and her voice was soft and as clear as Manny's polished glasses, and you could almost feel the candlelight and wine, and it became very still within the walls of Manny Meyer's Birdhouse. When it was all over she smiled, and looked inquiringly at Manny.

Joe said, "Well, Manny, what did I tell you, huh? How much?"

"She got evening dresses?" Manny asked.

The girl started to speak, but Joe cut in, "She'll have 'em. How much?"

Manny studied his cigar. "Thirty-five."

"Seventy-five," Joe said.

Manny shook his head. "Only to Manny Meyer could it happen," he told me. "My own man picks my pocket."

(*Continued on page 34*)

Justice Jackson Tries His Toughest Case

Mr. Justice Jackson of the U. S. A. will go down in history as the man responsible for a new tenet of international law: Aggression is a crime. He's applying his new law to Europe's warmongers now

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

NOT once but at least a half dozen times during his crowded decade in Washington, Robert H. Jackson has had a tough assignment dumped into his lap. Each time the kibitzers, of whom Washington has an oversupply, have nodded knowingly and waited for him to stumble.

Yet this warmhearted man has always come through, perhaps because his simplicity and his infectious good nature are as honest as his steel-sharp mind.

Of all the sticky assignments that have fallen to his lot, President Truman gave him his toughest in early May.

The troubled President asked Justice Jackson to come down from the Supreme Court to see him. The whole procedure for trying the Axis criminals was up in the air, President Truman explained. Nobody seemed to know how to take hold of it. The shocking Nazi crimes seemed to make normal procedure impossible or absurd. The Allies were quibbling over methods. Would Justice Jackson take on the job of prosecutor for the United States?

He could have ducked it. As an associate justice of the Supreme Court he has a $20,000-a-year job for life. But ducking the tough ones has never been a Jackson habit.

He agreed to go to Europe and wade into an inevitable tangle of hatreds and jealousies, legalisms and suspicions. A month later he submitted to President Truman a report that pierced the confusion and uncertainty to outline a practical plan of procedure. It was clear and precise, to be sure, but it also reflected the human quality that marks this man's entire career.

If only for its daring concept that aggressive warfare is in itself a criminal act, the Jackson report set a new level for international law. The boldness of this new approach won wide praise.

It was, of course, only the blueprint. Moreover, it was a U. S. blueprint and—as Jackson was soon to discover—one of his hardest tasks would be to persuade the other allies to go along. The path was thick with obstacles, but at least a path now existed where none had been before.

Before Jackson came to Washington in 1934, he had built a pleasant life in Jamestown, New York. Beginning as a young lawyer in the town, he had worked his way to prominence. He represented many of the local business firms. Usually he was found championing the rights of small business against monopoly big business. That became a strong conviction with him—the importance of local ownership and control in building a strong community. He became a director of the Bank of Jamestown and of the locally owned telephone company.

The country around Jamestown, especially along its Lake Chautauqua, is as beautiful and as rich as any in America. The Jacksons had a small place on the lake where they spent their summers. With his attractive dark-haired wife, Irene, the young lawyer rode horseback in the summer and skated in the winter. They were excellent figure skaters. Their son, Bill, and daughter, Mary, lived this same outdoor life.

It was a tranquil, satisfying existence which might had gone on indefinitely had not some-

(*Continued on page 47*)

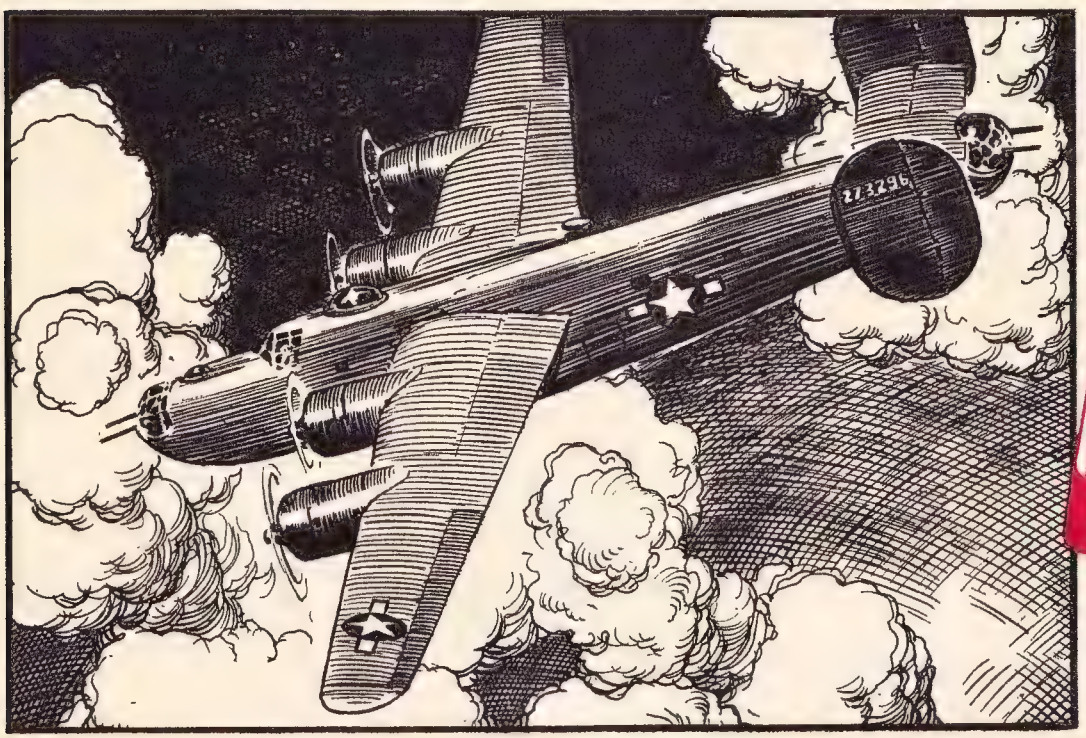
I Took the SKY ROAD

Flying coolly through flak-studded skies, "Bus" Miller has paid his respects, with bombs and spitting guns, to scores of Jap warships and merchantmen and supposedly impregnable land bastions. "His exploits have become almost legendary," says an official citation. His own story is breezy, matter-of-fact, and unforgettably vivid.

By Commander Norman M. Miller, U. S. N.

as told to

Hugh B. Cave



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

KID STUFF

My father knew, long before I was certain myself, that I wanted to go to Annapolis.

We lived in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Papa knew nearly everyone in town. He was a builder. With simple confidence he set out to obtain for me an appointment. It troubled him, I think, when he discovered that appointments to the Academy were not obtainable at the corner drugstore. He was guileless and direct by nature; complexities annoyed him.

Actually I was not too concerned. With school over, I had gone to work for my father, who was then building an apartment house. I had money in my pockets and spent most of my spare time riding hell-for-leather around town in a jazzed-up Model T Ford which papa had bought secondhand and I had converted into a rampant chariot that frightened chickens and old ladies out of their wits. With wings, that explosive Model T would have been the first low-level bomber.

And then, too, I had met a girl.

Thelma Davis was a year behind me in high school and sang in the glee club. I played in the band. We met for the first time at a music festival at Greensboro, in which we were both participants. There was dancing afterward, and when I saw her dancing with other boys I promptly abandoned my own date and pestered a friend to introduce me. "I want to dance with that girl," I told him. "I've got to know her."

Until then I hadn't paid a whole lot of attention to girls. My spare time had consisted of tooting the trombone, logging radio stations, helping papa, and wondering if I'd ever get to Annapolis. But at the Greensboro music festival I eventually wangled a dance with Thelma Davis,

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and when the evening was over we ditched our dates and went home together.

Before long we were "going together" in earnest, and I had lost a lot of interest in trombone playing and the radio.

But waiting around day after day for my appointment was making me restless and unhappy, and presently I decided to join the Navy and try for Annapolis later. If I failed to make it, at least I would be in the Navy, and that, after all, was what I wanted.

Thelma had admired my ambition to go to the Academy, but not so alluring was the prospect of being engaged—even high-school "engaged"—to an ordinary seaman. My joining the Navy was a shock to her. I hadn't been fair to her, she said. I hadn't considered her feelings. I didn't love her and she didn't care whether I did or not.

With the same kind of eighteen-year-old logic I vehemently declared that she ought to be proud of me in

any kind of Navy uniform. Furthermore, I'd get into Annapolis if it killed me, just to show her.

That was our fond farewell. Girls, I had decided, were just plain ornery. No more girls for Bus Miller.

IN QUEST OF WINGS

Most of what is written about boot training today is concerned with the training of wartime inductees. Forgive me if I seem to sound like a nostalgic graybeard lamenting the "good old days," but the system at Norfolk in 1926 was considerably more rugged. I can show scars to prove it! The man I most remembered was Chief Boatswain's Mate Hall, a grand human guy when we discovered the chinks in his armor, but so blistering at first that he frightened most of us half out of our senses. His job was to transform the "men" of Company 16, my outfit, into sailors. He hadn't much to work with. Most of us were physically limp and mentally rigid. Some were mere infants of fifteen. One secretly admitted he was only fourteen.

The chief did his best in the way that seemed best to him. He shaped us into Navy men in a way that stuck. Now and then I still run across some of Company 16's veterans, scattered today all over the Navy, and to the question "Remember Chief Hall at Norfolk?" the answer is certain to be, with a grin, "That old son-of-a! He sure knew his stuff!"

So I finished boot training, and with two other boys in Company 16, Ed Bingham of Norfolk and Tom Henry of New Bern, North Carolina, passed the entrance exams for Prep Class at Annapolis. Thirteen of us tried for it; three of us made it. Our sojourn at the Academy Prep Class ended, we struggled with examinations.

At the conclusion of the exam period we were told to go home, the decision to be telegraphed to us when the papers had been checked. If we had made the Academy there would be an extension of leave; if not, orders to report elsewhere would be forthcoming. I was so certain of failure that I left my sea bag at Ed Bingham's house, and my trombone in a Main Street pawnshop, fully expecting to pick them up when ordered back to Norfolk.

Everyone had gone out one evening, and with nothing to do and no one to talk to, I was moping about the house when the telephone rang upstairs.

"Telegram," the operator said, "for Norman Miller."

I come from religious people. From early childhood I had been taught to pray in moments of crisis, and while there have been times when the praying was done silently, the habit is still firmly fixed. I took the telephone call on my knees, while the operator matter-of-factly read: "Report to Reina Mercedes, Station Ship at Annapolis."

I was in. Sixty days' leave and then the United States Naval Academy!

THERE'S nothing quite like the feeling of fullness and satisfaction that electrifies a naval officer reporting aboard his first ship. My job as junior engineering officer was not important, but the U. S. S. Nevada was as fine a battle wagon as any in the fleet, and I was part of her.

I joined the Nevada in June, 1931, after graduation from Annapolis, and promptly made the cross-country mail service work overtime with letters to the girl I'd left behind. Not for long, however. Thelma Davis either tired of reading the letters or took pity on the mail carriers; in August, waving the white flag, she arrived in San Pedro to marry me. Marriage on an ensign's salary, we soon discovered, was not what the lovelorn columns said it was, but at least we saved a lot on postage.

In August there began to be talk among the Nevada's junior officers about the elimination flight-training program at San Diego. I was not obsessed with any urge to fly. But the talk soon became the central subject of conversation whenever we got together, and someone at last asked, "How about you, Bus?" "Why not?" I said. But by present standards I was pretty old, at twenty-three, to be starting the pursuit of a pair of wings, and thought the rigorous physical examinations would shelve me at the start.

However, I passed, and after a month of elimination training, reported to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola. When the course there came to an end, I was ordered to report aboard the U. S. S. Ranger, at Norfolk, for duty involving flying in Bombing Squadron Three.

As a carrier pilot I served aboard the Ranger and Lexington until June, 1936, and then was transferred to the heavy cruiser Louisville as gunnery, navigation, and material officer. Eventually my assignment to sea ended with orders to report to Pensacola again as an instructor.

I left Pensacola in June, 1939, to join the PBY squadron known as VP-11 and later as VP-54. Three months later Germany invaded Poland, and we became part of the first Neutrality Patrol, set up to watch the Atlantic for signs of hostile activity on the part of America's potential enemies.

My next assignment, two years later, was something different. I flew the XPBS-1, an experimental patrol bomber, first model, manufactured by Sikorsky. In so far as the Navy was concerned, she was still in the testing stage and had not yet been accepted. (She never was.) I was on call day and night for special missions.

Not long after the Pearl Harbor attack I got an order which read: "You are instructed to take the XPBS-1 Airplane to San Diego by way of Pensacola and Corpus Christi, there to pick up cargo for delivery to the Commander-in-Chief, Asiatic Fleet, at Port Darwin, Soerabaja, or Batavia, via Pearl Harbor."

I hurried home to say good-by to Thelma and the youngsters: Nancy, Jackie, Sally, Michael, and Peter. Peter, a year old, gave papa a lusty howl from his mother's arms as I waved from the end of the street. They were in for a long wait. Navy wives and children always seem to be waiting.

SO LITTLE, SO LATE

At San Diego, repair parts for the handful of Catalinas fighting with Admiral Hart's little fleet were piled up, awaiting delivery. Our job was to deliver them. Finding room for all that cargo was a headache. Some of the last-

minute priority freight even landed in the cockpit. But at last, with her fuel tanks filled, 7,500 pounds of cargo securely aboard, and her engines checked for the umptieth time, old XPBS was ready to go. The afternoon sun lay low on the horizon between us and Pearl Harbor, our initial destination.

Then, just as we were about to cast off, an officer came racing down the ramp, shouting and waving at us. "Wait a minute!" he yelled. "You have to take some torpedo detonators! Sixty of them. Someone sent the torps out there without them."

AT Pearl Harbor we took aboard white-haired, white-mustached General Patrick Hurley, clutching a sack significantly decorated with bank markings. He had been appointed Minister to New Zealand and was on his way there, taking with him some $250,000 in "folding money" with which to negotiate for supplies and equipment needed by our forces in the South Pacific. He was to be our passenger as far as Australia. If the XPBS conked out between some of those scattered Pacific way stations, we were certainly going to be missed by the taxpayers!

An overnight pause for refueling at a pin-point island and we were off again for Canton, which lies in the Phoenix group just below the equator. The sole inhabitants, other than an English couple, were members of an engineer detachment sent down to build an air strip. "What the hell!" one man said. "If we get the air strip built, the Japs will be the ones to use it anyway."

The men were living in poor shelters and eating off soapboxes. They were wearing soiled sloppy clothes and shoes without laces. They were listless.

One man wore on his arm a ragged dirty strip of towel held in place with a piece of rope. I asked him what was the matter. "Oh, hell," he said, "some sort of tropical infection."

"Haven't you a doctor in the outfit?"

He looked at me for a moment in silence and then shrugged. "I'm the doctor," he said.

We were a tight little crowd aboard the XPBS. General Hurley, when not visiting up forward, could be found back among the cargo, playing cribbage with the crew. The general won most of the cribbage games. Possibly the huge six-shooter he carried had something to do with his invulnerability. The weapon, he solemnly informed us, was for protection. "A quarter of a million dollars is something I don't tote around every day!"

Still struggling under a good deal more cargo than Mr. Sikorsky had ever intended her to carry, the XPBS at last arrived at Suva, the capital of Viti Levu, in the Fijis. Suva's Grand Hotel, which played host to celebrities from all over the world, was still crowded, especially the bar. I had a drink with Dick Davis, whom I had borrowed from Pearl Harbor as additional pilot and navigator for our trip south. Then, tired after the long grind of 1,200-odd miles from Canton, we went to our room.

Dick eyed the bed and sighed his appreciation. It was a beautiful bed. He said he thought Sherman was wrong about war and luxuriously stretched himself out, without pausing even to shake off his shoes. Then he began squirming. With a puzzled look he sat up and drew back the sheets. "They put rocks or something in the beds out here," he grumbled.

He found what he was groping for and hauled it out. It was not a rock. It was an unopened fifth of the best Scotch whisky, which someone must have hidden there and neglected to remove!

After New Zealand, we flew west across the Coral Sea to Australia. At Darwin I hoped to find Admiral Glassford. My orders were to report to him at Darwin "or wherever he may be." He was not there, but the Langley was, and Commander McConnell, her skipper, said that the admiral was at Soerabaja. After we had fueled astern of the Langley and moved to a buoy, the commander sent a dispatch to Soerabaja to say that I was coming.

At Soerabaja, the PBY squadrons to whom I had brought replacement parts from San Diego greeted me with shrugs. "The stuff is no good now," they said. "Throw it away."

Few of these men expected ever to get home. Some at the air station were auctioning off their belongings—watches, rings, anything they owned that was worth a dollar or two—so that they might send money home to wives and families while there was yet time. They were tired, very tired. And angry.

"When you get back," they told me, "tell them to send us some fast heavily armed landplanes. No one can stop the Japs in these boxcars. Get us some B-24s or some B-17s. And get them in a hurry!"

There still remained the torpedo detonators, however, and so, without much hope, I continued my search for Admiral Glassford. His headquarters, I learned, had been set up in a resort hotel back up in the mountains. But a hotel in the town housed a sub-headquarters, and after stumbling around bomb craters in the blackout, I eventually found the place.

The admiral's duty officer greeted me with enthusiasm. "Have you got our torpedo detonators?" he asked eagerly.

"Thank God," I said, "I've at last found out where they're going!"

His own relief overshadowed mine. "Miller," he said soberly, "we really need those detonators. They represent just about our last chance of putting on a decent show here."

(This trail-blazing flight to Soerabaja in the XPBS earned for Commander Miller the Commendation Ribbon. Admiral P. N. L. Bellinger, Commander of Patrol Wing Two, writes: "The completion of this wartime mission, so successfully accomplished under the most exacting conditions imposed by radio silence . . . the conduct of the flight, the leadership, initiative, and fine judgment displayed by Lieutenant Miller in preparing his plans and executing them in such an exemplary manner . . . are worthy of special commendation. Commander Patrol Wing Two congratulates him and the officers and men of his plane crew on this fine performance."—H. B. C.)

THE THUNDER MUG

In March I was ordered to begin patrolling with the Army in B-24s and Lockheed Hudsons. My job was to learn all I could of the operation of these planes, so that I would be in a position to instruct others. Then came the big disappointment. Instead of being assigned to a Liberator squadron, I was ordered to the Naval Air Operational Training Command at Jacksonville and assigned to the staff there. Someone apparently thought that men of thirty-four were past the peak of combat flying. My job as navigational training officer carried with it a raise in rank, upping me to lieutenant commander, but when I picked up Thelma and the kids in Norfolk and traveled with them to Jacksonville to find a home, I was miserable.

The good word came in July, 1943: "Lieutenant Commander Norman Mickey Miller is hereby detached (from Jacksonville) and will report for duty at San Diego, California, involving flying as Commander of Bombing Squadron 109 when commissioned."

On November 4 the squadron moved west across the Pacific to the Naval Air Station at Kaneohe in the Hawaiian Islands, and was transferred to Fleet Air Wing Two.

In the South Pacific, the Solomons campaign was about over, with American troops in possession of all the Solomon Islands except Bougainville, where fighting was in progress. In the New Guinea campaign, Allied troops had rolled the Japs back as far as Finschhafen, on the eastern end of the Huon Peninsula. In the Central Pacific, of particular interest to us, American troops had landed in the Gilberts, capturing Makin, Tarawa, and other islands of the group, while carrier task forces invading the Marshalls had launched heavy attacks on Kwajalein and Wotje. It was about time for our number to be called.

The boys of my own plane crew meanwhile had been industriously seeking a name for our plane—a practice frowned upon in high circles but permitted without official sanction in combat areas. The name Thunder Mug originated in the fertile imagination of Elmer Kasperson, my co-pilot.

Two days after Christmas our awaited orders came through and we were on our way. Our destination: Apamama (spelled Abemama or Apemama on some

maps), one of the Gilbert islands seized from the Japs in the operation which resulted in the ousting of the enemy from Tarawa and Makin.

Thunder Mug's first patrol assignment was on January 3, 1944, when three planes of 109 and four of 108 carried out a joint mission over Maloelap Atoll. Maloelap lies in the Marshalls, and with Kwajalein, Wotje, and Jaluit was considered one of the fangs of the Japanese dragon's mouth.

With Thunder Mug's crew I traveled in a jeep down the road to the air strip. The road was narrow. A procession of cars, followed by a truck, forced us to move aside. In the truck lay a coffin containing the body of a Marine AA gunner killed the night before. We sat quietly, hats in hand, as the funeral cortege passed, and then without comment continued on to the plane.

A few nights later that marine was partially avenged, when Lieutenant Commander Janeshek, Lieutenant Jobe, and I, with four planes from 108, hit the island of Wotje on another special mission. It was a dusk raid. As we approached the island in line abreast, traveling the last 100 miles just above the sea, the setting sun was golden bright and the island's palm trees waved like colored feathers in the breeze. Bright, too, were the installations, especially the hangar at the far side of the airfield.

The hangar doors stood open; we had caught the Japs by surprise. As Thunder Mug swept in with her machine guns spitting, frantic little figures scurried about inside the building to escape the stream of bullets. Many crumpled as they ran. Then we were past, and the structure was blazing behind us, and we felt a little better about the funeral procession at Apamama.

The Japs' major base at Kwajalein was hit a few days later, this time boldly in broad daylight, by eight Liberators from 108 and 109, and two from a Liberator photo squadron, VD-3. Entering the Marshalls between Jaluit and Mille (spelled Mili on some maps), we went down to fifty feet when still fifty miles from the target, and increased speed as Kwajalein came in sight. Before the Japs knew what was happening, six of the big four-engined bombers were thundering in line above them with all guns blazing.

Thunder Mug was in the middle of the line, and so low that I could not see over the island's palm trees to spot the ships in the harbor beyond.

I saw little of the action—at 200 miles an hour a pilot is far too busy watching for new targets—but the crew later recalled many snap impressions. "That guy's legs crossed and he skidded ten feet on his face." "That Jap just leaped into the air and, so help me, didn't come down. He exploded."

On all but one or two of Thunder Mug's missions the bombs were released by the pilot himself by means of a gadget known as a "pickle"—so called because of its shape. Having predetermined the interval at which the bombs shall be dropped, and set the intervalometer to attend to this, the pilot holds the pickle in his hand and presses a button on the end of it to release the bombs from the rack. Hence the term "pickling."

YOU SPELL IT T-R-U-K

During February the squadron established some sort of record, flying 200,000 miles of search and reconnaissance, and covering millions of square miles of ocean, to assure the fleet in its Marshalls campaign that no enemy shipping was within striking distance. The fleet needed this protection, for our invasion forces had by-passed a number of powerful Jap bases. Part of our job was to keep an eye on these by-passed islands.

Wotje, some 200 miles to the east of Kwajalein, was the worst of them. Our assignment there was to reconnoiter the atoll at frequent intervals and obtain low-level photographs revealing the extent of the installations.

It was a difficult and costly assignment. During one five-day period, two Liberators were severely shot up, a B-25 was lost, and one of our planes failed to return. Pilot of the missing plane was the same Johnny Herron who had helped me work out the "Miller Bombsight."

To obtain good low-level photographs a pilot must fly very near the target, with little defensive jinking. At Wotje, where the Jap gunners were deadly, this was akin to suicide, and Johnny knew when he took off that the mission was perilous. An easygoing chunky fellow who looked a bit like a good-natured bulldog, Johnny for once in his life was not clowning when he climbed into the plane. The plane, incidentally, was not his own, which was laid up for repairs. He borrowed Lieutenant Commander Bundy's Liberator.

Next day, Radio Tokyo reported that a B-24 had been shot down over Wotje, and Tokyo Rose triumphantly read off the names of the crew. The names she read were those of Bundy's crew, probably obtained from the plane's discrepancy log, in which his plane captain, Combs, had jotted them down to kill time on the way home from a mission. We believed, therefore, that Johnny Herron had reached his objective, that his plane had crashed or been shot down on land or in shallow water, and that some of the crew, at least, might be alive. That was all we knew and all we ever learned, despite days of search.

Thunder Mug never brought home bombs. In fact, with the racks fully loaded I used to store extra 100-pounders on or under the flight deck, to be hung on the shackles when the first load was expended. And the crew kept putting aboard more and more ammunition—"You never know when you'll need it, where Thunder Mug goes," they said—until one day I had trouble getting the plane off the ground and discovered that Gariel, the tail gunner, had built up his ammunition box to hold almost more than we could fly with!

"Well," the boys retorted when I lectured them, "you never told us about the extra bombs on the flight deck, so why should *we* tell all we know?"

Our reconnaissance was uncovering a lot of Jap activity at the island of Kusaie about this time, and one night in February I led four planes in to investigate a report that a cargo ship was lying in Lele Harbor. Shipping there is hard to get at, however. The hills rise abruptly at the entrance, and the harbor area, sandwiched between the mainland slopes and the rugged contours of Lele Island, is so small that masthead-height approaches are hazardous. We were faced with the prospect of flying into a culde-sac, with defensive guns cunningly hidden on the high wooded peaks on both sides.

By scraping these peaks with our wing-tips and racing in over the harbor in single file, we not only got our ship that night but crippled many of the enemy's gun emplacements. After that we hit Kusaie often, from Apamama and later from Kwajalein. But always it was a hard nut to crack and the hidden 20-millimeters at the entrance gave us many a bad moment.

I remember pouring in over the harbor one day and seeing a group of carpenters at work on the roof of a house. They stopped what they were doing and gaped in utter amazement as we thundered toward them. One, holding a board over his head, just continued to hold it there, his mouth and eyes wide open and the expression on his face plainly saying, "But you can't be American! American planes not allowed in here!"

AT the end of February, Thunder Mug went to Wake. Wake, notorious for the vigor of its antiaircraft defenses, was a major target, never before hit in daylight by land-based Navy planes. Ours had to be a daylight mission, however, because Admiral John H. Hoover had called me out to his ship and asked for photographs. "Good ones," he stressed. "Low-level shots. Something we can use."

We took off at night, six of us, from O'Hare Field on Apamama—Hicks, Jobe, and myself of 109; Muldrow, Piper, and Webster of 108, heading for Kwajalein to rendezvous with two photographic planes which had left Apamama earlier and staged through there. Eight strong over Kwajalein, we continued on to distant Wake. The island is roughly a sprawling V, its open end toward the west.

In bright blinding sunlight, the sky as blue and clear as a polished globe of glass, we covered the last few miles at an altitude of only twenty-five feet, barely skimming the water. The defenders, never dreaming that their powerful base would be challenged in broad daylight, were caught quite by surprise. Most of the guns on the ground were

still covered with canvas, their crews running wildly to man them, as we flew over and let them have everything in the book.

Very few of the Japs reached their guns, and very little enemy fire was thrown at us until we split to traverse the arms of the V. Thunder Mug laid four 500-pounders on the airfield; Hicks, on our tail, leveled gun emplacements and blew up parked airplanes; Jobe dropped sixteen bombs in a string along an area jammed with parked planes, then blew up a fuel tank and, with a gay farewell fillip, planted a bomb squarely on a barracks building. The gunners, meanwhile, strafed pillboxes, personnel, planes, and buildings with such paralyzing effect that the Japs, terrified, appeared to be running blindly in circles.

You come home from such a raid with only snap impressions, picked up during the brief interlude when the plane is hurtling over the target at 200 miles an hour with its ten machine guns yammering and bombs thundering beneath. I remember seeing a group of twenty to thirty Japanese pouring out of a shelter to man their guns and being cut down, like tumbled dominoes, by the machine guns in the plane. I remember the barracks building rising into the air like a child's toy and then exploding into pieces so small that the sky seemed to be filled with black rain.

With our bomb racks empty we turned for home, leaving behind us three raging fires that filled the bright sky with pillars of smoke. Once again we had demonstrated the value of surprise over a well-defended target, for Wake Atoll was known to be capable of putting up a withering barrage. Yet not a plane was able to take to the air to pursue us, and when we returned to Apamama after nineteen hours and thirty-five minutes in flight, not one of our planes was seriously damaged.

(For leading this audacious daylight attack on Wake, Commander Miller was awarded one of his five Air Medals. "The attack," reads the accompanying citation, "dealt a devastating blow to enemy shore installations, in addition to the successful accomplishment of the primary mission of diverting enemy antiaircraft fire from a photographic formation. Commander Miller's utter disregard for danger and courageous devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the naval service."—H. B. C.)

IN January we had expended much time and effort trying to destroy the Japanese airfield on Kwajalein Island. A little more than a month later the PB4Ys of the squadron were operating from that same strip. As the Japs were smoked out of their island possessions and pushed back toward Tokyo, the bases relinquished by them in their retreat were used against them to extend the pressure.

We moved into Kwajalein on March 7, and found to our delight that genial Lieutenant Commander Jimmy James had established a camp for us. This may sound like a very simple thing for which to be thankful, but it wasn't. Setting up a camp on Kwajalein was a man-sized job. The entire island looked as though a super Paul Bunyan had rampaged over it, leveling trees and buildings in a fine fury of destruction. The naval bombardment preceding the invasion had left devastation everywhere. Every tree was shredded. Every wall had been ground to rubble and dust. For days we had to shout most of the time, to be heard above the rattle and clank of the Seabee bulldozers.

There was a good deal of Jap stuff lying around, even though the souvenir hunters had been prowling for days. The more I saw of it, the more I realized how difficult it is to understand these paradoxical people. They hate us with an all-consuming passion, yet many of them speak English, and some of the Japanese engineering handbooks I found were filled with English notations and abbreviations. Japanese newspapers, too, were full of English words.

We spent most of our time in the air now. Our search sectors had been extended. Reaching beyond the old stamping grounds in the Marshalls, we ranged westward, almost to the great enemy base at Truk, exploring and photographing new harbors and shore lines. The pay-off? On the first day of May, the new big warships of Vice-Admiral Marc Mitscher's Pacific task force moved in on Ponape to give the Japanese occupants a final dose of discouragement. The ships' gunners had difficult targets, many of them cleverly hidden on the heavily wooded slopes of those rugged Ponape peaks. But they knew where the targets were, and they hit them.

VB-109 was not there that day. We were looking in on other Jap-held islands closer to the enemy's homeland. But we were present in spirit, for along the bottom of many a photograph studied by Admiral Mitscher's men in preparation for the bombardment was the formal Navy notation that VB-109 had done the photographing.

FROM Kwajalein our main targets were Ponape, Kusaie, and military installations on lesser islands in the eastern Carolines. There were brushes with enemy submarines, one of which lasted night and day for seventy-seven hours, and there were occasional run-ins with Jap planes. We made reconnaissance flights to Wake, on one

of which Lieutenant Elmer Kasperson got what he thought was a submarine, and discovered a top-hatted Japanese who could almost outrun a Liberator.

The "sub" turned out to be a small cargo ship (it looked like a conning tower above the long, level lines of the pier at which it was moored) and old Kas blew it to smithereens anyway. The top-hatted Jap was one of a group of six Wake Island occupants who were strolling down a road when Kas peeled off to do some strafing. Five of the Japs dived into a ditch. Top Hat took off down the road with his coattails flying. "And, so help me," Kas said later, " we just couldn't overhaul the guy, he was traveling so fast!" Which was a bit of an exaggeration, for of course the Liberator did overhaul him. But by that time the boys were laughing so hard that they didn't have the heart to reduce the population any more, and they let Top Hat continue his marathon.

In general, there was little of the spectacular in the work we did out of Kwajalein. It was a grind. All of us flew too hard and too often. On the third day of April, for instance, the April entries in my flight log showed fifty-three hours in the air—fifty-three out of seventy-two—and that sort of thing is wearing. We needed not so much a rest as a change from the routine patrols and the raids on Ponape, Kusaie, Wake, and other islands which we knew by heart.

On April 3 the crew of Thunder Mug at last had a taste of something different, and I personally satisfied an ambition of many months' standing. It began with a report that an enemy carrier and four or five escorting destroyers had been sighted at Fananu Island. No other details were available, and a study of the map revealed that Fananu was a little trading station on the eastern rim of Nomwin Atoll in the Hall Islands, about seventy-five miles north of Truk. We had never been there—it was a long way from Kwajalein. But a Jap carrier was big game and worth the attempt.

Using two planes, Thunder Mug and Lieutenant Jadin's Helldorado, we departed from Kwajalein in the afternoon and staged through Eniwetok, which American troops had captured February 20. Gassing up at Eniwetok, we left there just after sunset.

Lieutenant Jadin got there first, made his search, found nothing, and returned to Eniwetok.

In Thunder Mug we arrived above Fananu about two o'clock in the morning, quite a while after Jadin had left. I have a reputation for being a slowpoke, and despite certain claims made by wild-eyed correspondents, I believe firmly in the old aviation adage that there are no old, bold pilots—there may be old ones and bold ones, but never old, bold ones. At any rate, we flew over Fananu and Nomwin lagoon, hunting for the carrier in the strange milky light of a fragmentary moon half hidden in the overcast, and, like Jadin before us, found nothing. Nothing, that is, except some fairly accurate AA fire, for Jadin had alerted Fananu, and in that eerie half-light the Japs could see us better than we could see them.

With our load of four 1,000-pound bombs still intact, we turned back, cussing out the report which had sent us such a distance for nothing. Then I began getting an idea. "Shafe," I said, "maybe they spelled that name wrong. There's a Fanamu Island, too. F-a-n-a-m-u. It's in Truk. What's the course for Truk, Shafe?"

"All right, dammit," he said, reaching for my Truk folder to figure out the course. "I'll go anywhere you will."

Truk, reported to be the strongest enemy base in the Pacific, capable of holding the entire Japanese Navy, is a forty-mile-wide lagoon containing half a dozen major islands and scores of minor ones. Its harbor facilities are among the best in the Pacific, protected by well-developed air strips on both major and minor islands. It is listed in naval textbooks as one of the best natural fortresses in the world.

Over the interphone I told the crew where we were going, and less than half an hour later, still in that pale milky mist of moonlight, we crossed the Truk reef at 100 feet altitude, just east of North Pass. Below, the coral shallows of the reef and the breaking waves were luminous with the natural phosphorus of the water, and winked at us.

Our target, selected from a study of the map on the run down from the Hall Islands, was the main anchorage west of the major island of Moen, in the heart of the Truk defenses. With luck we would find some warships there.

THE anchorage was a disappointment. It contained a single cargo ship of 5,000 or 6,000 tons riding blissfully at anchor. No warships. And now, of course, we were tense, for we were deep inside the defensive heart of Truk, and the islands hemming us in were known to be bristling with potent guns, and at any moment the Japs might pick us up in their detecting devices. No one spoke. We flew almost on the water, feeling our way through the dark. Not a shot had been fired.

There *had* to be some Jap warships in here somewhere, I told myself, and so, circling to port, I flew northward again, this time hugging the western shore of Moen Island.

Disappointed, we swung back to search once more the area between Moen and Dublon—Ed had marked a smaller anchorage off the southeast shore of Dublon. But now we had overplayed our luck. The Japs, suspicious at last, went for their searchlights, and inquisitive beams of white light began reaching up from the islands. One or two of them licked over us, then frantically tried to find us again as we came about to head for what obviously was the most worth-while target: the destroyer up near Fanuela Island. Tracers climbed up the searchlight beams, hunting for us. As we ran northward, the area between Dublon and Fefan suddenly became hotter than a flame thrower.

I was on top of the ship before I saw her—she suddenly materialized in the mist only half a mile ahead. Failing to pick her up in time, I had to come around for a second run, and then a third, before I had one to my liking. By then the shooting and the searchlights on Moen, Dublon, and Fefan had alerted the ship's crew, and they were on their guns.

There was time for just one bombing run as the destroyer's AA fire came up like red rain to meet us and the searchlights on the northwest corner of Moen, locating us at last, pinned us in the glare of two crossed beams. Old Thunder Mug must have looked like a gigantic moth in a candle flame to the dark little shapes rushing about on the deck of the Jap ship. Low and fast, we screamed over them, dumping our four 1,000-pounders.

The bombs stopped the destroyer's fire. They went off in unison, producing one hellacious explosion that broke the ship in two and sent her stern end swirling away from the rest of her. But the gunners on Moen had us in their sights then, and the crossed searchlights stuck like glue. And we were so blinded by lights from other islands, weaving wildly over the sky, that the co-pilot reached for his polarized glasses.

For thirty seconds or so old Thunder Mug all but shed her skin as we jinked to get out of the lights and the AA fire. We were all over the sky, weaving, diving, climbing—and all over the water, too, with the belly turret skimming the surface. What finally cleared us was a steep dive toward the water, a feint to port, a fast climbing turn to starboard which carried us to the outer edge of the circle of light. Before they could center us again we were in darkness, "getting the hell out of there" at a speed that made the wind sing.

Behind us the searchlights angrily swept the sky in vain, and the AA gunners on Moen went right on shooting at where they thought we ought to be. They hadn't hit us—much—but if it is any consolation to them, they did scare the living daylights out of us. I was still sitting in

a puddle of sweat when we arrived at Eniwetok at 9 A. M.

We had sent in a flash report, of course, after leaving Truk. At Eniwetok, Captain E. A. "Bat" Cruise, the island commander, was waiting for us. Captain Cruise is an old-time aviation man, well loved. I had breakfast with him. But there was no time to clean up or rest; they were waiting for us at Kwajalein, too. And so at two o'clock in the afternoon, after being out nearly twenty-four hours, we arrived back on the strip at Kwajalein, all of us dead tired, dirty, and of course still wearing the clothes in which we had sweated out our pilgrimage through Truk. And there, waiting for me in Captain Taff's tent, was our administrative boss, the commander of Fleet Air Wing Two, Admiral John Dale Price!

The admiral didn't mind the dirt, sweat, and whiskers, however. He was a very swell guy. After I had told him about the flight, he informed me that Admiral Hoover had received our flash report, too, and wanted me out on his flagship. "Go on out there," Admiral Price said. "Never mind the beard and the shirt. Aviators are supposed to look like that after being out twenty-four hours." But some kind soul had telephoned the ship, and a message came back from Admiral Hoover advising me to sleep first and see him later.

As a matter of fact, I didn't sleep. I had reached the wound-up condition where sleep is impossible. So, after

shaving and bathing, I began to pack my things. For this was our last day on the island. Next day the squadron moved to Eniwetok, advancing another step along the road to Tokyo.

"LET'S DON'T LOUSE IT UP"

From the air, Eniwetok Atoll looks like a necklace laid out on a jeweler's counter, with the clasp, Eniwetok Island, at the bottom. The island itself is crescent-shaped, two miles long and not much more than a third of a mile wide, and is split lengthwise by a solitary road running to the airfield.

Like Kwajalein and Tarawa, Eniwetok had been blasted into oblivion by the big guns of our warships. Hardly a building or a tree remained standing when the marines went ashore to take the place over. Yet when Squadron 109 arrived, six weeks later, the island was fast becoming a very livable spot. The dead Japs had been buried, mines and duds had been removed, cargo ships were steaming in and out on schedule, and Seabees of the 110th Battalion were looking around for new jobs to test their talents.

A steady wind kept the island remarkably free of insect pests. The wind was a blessing in another way, too. Before long the boys had rigged up little windmill washing machines outside their tents, using discarded crankshafts from the island junk pile. In the morning, before going out on patrol, they would toss in their soiled clothes. When they returned at night, the washing was done!

"JONESEY," I said one day, "will you kindly leave this forsaken island alone, so that once in a while, when we return from a flight, we'll be able to recognize it?"

Commander Jones grinned happily. He knew how good his Seabees were—they were amazing. We used to watch them at work, and we simply didn't believe what we saw. Having by this time attended to all the essential jobs on the island, they were killing time by transforming junk piles and scrap heaps into structures of outstanding beauty.

"Jonesey," we'd say, "when are you going to build the Lincoln Memorial out here?" And Jonesey would grin.

Living on the same island with Commander Jones had its drawbacks, however. At times the inhabitants of Eniwetok would gladly have taken up housekeeping on the rim of an active volcano, just for a little peace and quiet. The Seabees were everlastingly blasting for coral in the lagoon, and at all hours of the day or night, as you went about your business, annoying no one, the island would suddenly shake as if seized with convulsions. Then a mighty roar filled your ears, and a fountain of water and coral fragments would hurtle skyward, some 600 feet high, in your immediate vicinity.

Jonesey never called his shots. On one occasion a coral rock as big as a football burst like a comet through the walls of Commander Eddie Renfro's tent. That the tent was empty at the time was purely Eddie Renfro's good fortune.

Few of us complained about these minor annoyances, however. When we did, someone was sure to repeat the story of the marine on Guadalcanal. It happened, so they say, just after the six-month campaign on that island had ended. A marine sergeant, veteran of the initial landings, was shambling peaceably down a road, tired but happy in his beaten-up shoes and tattered uniform. Toward him strode a resplendent, newly arrived Army colonel. As they passed, the sergeant's salute was not to the colonel's liking.

Snapped the colonel: "Sergeant, this island is United States territory now! We have the usual formalities to observe!"

Replied the marine, rubbing a trouser leg worn thin by six months of intimate contact with the jungle and the Japs: "Now look, bub, we got something real good here. Let's don't louse it up."

FIRST TO SAIPAN

On the first day of May a slender red-haired young lieutenant walked into my tent and announced that he had been sent to Eniwetok to replace Ed Lloyd as our air combat intelligence officer. Many a time since, we have laughed over my reaction.

"Your mouth dropped open," Ted insists, "and you looked at me as though I were something in diapers, representing the New Year!"

I probably did. Ed Lloyd had been our intelligence officer since the start of the tour, and we owed much of our success to his careful, brilliant work. The thought of having this wise old veteran replaced by an apparently green youngster was naturally a shock. An incompetent ACIO can wreck a squadron as surely as a good one can keep it on its toes.

I needn't have worried. Lieutenant Ted Steele was a Dartmouth man and a Rhodes scholar. He had been with old VP-82 when that squadron, based in Newfoundland and Greenland, operated on the Eastern Sea Frontier—back in the days when our Navy was so short of patrol planes that the British sent over one of their squadrons, RAF-57, to lend us a helping hand. From there, old Ted had gone to torpedo planes as a communications specialist, then to the staff of ComAirPac. When Ed Lloyd departed, four days after Ted's arrival, our new ACIO was already in the groove.

Ed, a much loved guy, got off before dawn while the rest of us were still asleep. This is the note he left:

"Bus and George and Jan and John and Tommie and all pilots and co-pilots as well as navigators and goddam ground officers: Good-by, you guys. I'm glad the plane leaves early so I can sneak out alone like this. Give 'em hell and God guide you softely. ED." Ed really knew how to spell "safely." But a girl who had been reading about us in the papers back home, and had written us a letter telling us how very much she loved us all, apparently didn't. Her "God guide you softely" had become a squadron byword.

EXCEPT for a daily two-plane reconnaissance of Wake, and the usual patrols, these early May days were uneventful.

In an effort to do something about the shortage of Jap shipping, I made several trips to Truk about this time—even there the shipping was scarce—and also to near-by Puluwat, where I had discovered a new and important enemy airfield under construction. It was at Puluwat, on May 16, that I almost came to grief.

On a mission over Truk two days before, I had seen some Jap ships in the anchorage and was reluctant to let them depart before working them over. My crew, however, was tired. For weeks I had been promising them a deserved rest. This time, keeping the promise, I left them at home and took Lieutenant Bill Bridgeman's plane, Climbaboard, with Bill as co-pilot.

They were not expecting us at Truk that night. Of ten to twelve cargo ships at anchor in the old hunting ground, we attacked the largest, tossed it around with three bomb explosions, and were out of range before the surprised Japs could use their guns with any effect. Our own port waist gunner, however, shouted that he had seen a bigger target against the moonlight over near Dublon, so I flew back through the Fefan-Dublon corridor. By then the Japs were awake and peeved. From half the islands in Truk they were hunting us with intense and uncomfortably accurate fire. But the target, a 10,000-ton tanker, was too rich a prize to be passed up.

It was the kind of run a bomber pilot dreams about. At 200 miles an hour, 200 feet above the moonlit sea, I pickled off three bombs as the ship appeared broadside in the sight. The first struck the water fifteen feet from the tanker's hull; the second exploded squarely on her deck; the third was over. An instant later the whole sky behind us was aflame and the tanker, evidently laden with oil, exploded on the sea like an active volcano. Nothing else makes quite the sound and fury of an oil explosion.

It was coming on daylight when Climbaboard arrived over the Alet air strip after the run from Truk. A group of Japs had just emerged from their tin-roofed shacks and were walking down the strip on their way to work. They were considerably less leisurely in their strolling when the big Liberator, appearing suddenly over the treetops, bellowed down on them and sprayed the strip with bombs and bullets.

A truck, zigzagging like a frightened chicken, sped straight into a line of tracers from one of our turrets and burst into flames.

We flew on, dropping 500-pounders singly on individual targets, strafing the radio and weather stations, the barracks, and a prewar lighthouse, 135 feet high, in the top of which the Japs had installed a potent 7.7-millimeter gun. In the dawn dimness their gunners had difficulty finding us, and even more trouble following us as we made our runs. But that lighthouse gun was annoyingly accurate, and after damaging the radio station with two direct bomb hits, we went after it. For a few moments the Pacific war was reduced, in so far as we in Climbaboard were concerned, to a duel between a Liberator and a lighthouse.

The Liberator won. On our last pass—so low over the tower that the belly gunner wailed up through the interphone, "For Pete's sake, cap'n, you're scraping my duff on this thing!"—the plane's gunners put the tower out of commission. Then we jinked away, avoiding the ground fire, to make another run on the radio station. And right there a Jap three-inch shell burst above the cockpit.

The plane bounced like a big rubber ball. Old Schaffer, standing between the pilot and co-pilot, was knocked off his feet by the concussion and tumbled backward out of the cockpit to the catwalk below, where, but for our habit of keeping a man stationed at the bomb-bay doors, he would have gone right on out. But Bridgeman and I were not aware of Shafe's close call until later. The explosion of the shell had kicked the blocks out from under the top turret guns and depressed the barrels. Now, with the gunner dazed and unable to cease firing, the .50-caliber bullets from those lethal muzzles came streaming through the greenhouse into the cockpit.

Luckily the gunner recovered after a second or two. But twin fifties can spit out a terrifying amount of steel in a few seconds, and Bridgeman and I could do nothing but sit there. Bill sat with one hand frozen on the supercharger controls. I held the pickle in one fist, the yoke in the other, as the plane recovered from the shaking up and continued its bombing run on the Puluwat radio station. The bullets, screaming between us from the turret above, smashed the instrument panel before our eyes and filled the cockpit with flying bits of glass and metal. The muzzle blast singed the hair on our heads and arms. Both of us bled from scores of small wounds.

The plane, meanwhile, had continued its run, and from habit I pressed the pickle as the radio station rode into the sights. It was just "one of those things." Four 100-pound bombs fell squarely on the building. Then, with the pilot and co-pilot dazedly fumbling at the cockpit controls to find out how many of them were still functional, we turned for home.

THAT was a grim ride. With Shafe helping us, we spread sulfa powder on our wounds and swallowed tablets to dull the pain, not daring to pull the fragments of glass and steel from our flesh for fear the bleeding would increase. One of us, at least, had to stay conscious long enough to put the plane and its crew safely on the ground at Eniwetok, 850 upwind miles away.

There were times during that long grind when we thought we were not going to make it—when one or the other of us began to imagine that the plane was doing queer things. But we landed safely at base seven hours after leaving Puluwat.

(A fellow officer noted something else, too. "Recovering from the initial shock and daze, and discovering that the plane would still fly despite the cockpit carnage and instrument wreckage, and that he still had control of it despite his many injuries, Miller RADIOED BACK THE WEATHER REPORT and returned to his search sector, landing safely at base seven hours later." Capitals mine.—H. B. C.)

IN June, our Army, Navy, and Marine commanders were completing their preparations for the invasion of the Marianas, next steppingstone on the road to Japan. The Marianas had been scouted; they had been hit by carrier-based aircraft. Lieutenant General Alexander A. Vandegrift, Marine commandant, was on record with the statement that we stood on the threshold of bigger and more difficult landings than we had ever yet attempted.

As the invasion forces gathered, our already heavy schedule of patrols was expanded, and we paid particular attention to the increased amount of enemy shipping at Truk. Scouting the atoll on the night of June 2, I discovered so many choice targets that it was hard to choose among them. We blew a 7,000-ton cargo ship almost out of the water with a direct hit, worked the airfields and seaplane base over, found a dozen smaller ships at the northwest end of the Dublon anchorage and damaged five of them, traded machine-gun fire with a destroyer, and wrecked a plane at Eten. Yet with all these ships in Truk, we had been singularly unsuccessful in locating them on the high seas. Obviously they were moving into Truk at night, along some shipping lane we had not yet discovered. If so, they were a menace, for our fleet had to pass west of Truk to reach the Marianas.

The following night Lieutenant Commander Hicks did locate the enemy's new shipping route, far west of our usual patrol limits, and sighted a convoy of three merchant ships, seven armed naval auxiliaries, and a destroyer. Despite extremely poor visibility he gave them a thorough drubbing, heavily damaging two of the cargo vessels, three of the escorts, and the destroyer.

AS the date of the invasion of Saipan approached, VB-109 worked overtime. Information concerning the size and disposition of our forces had to be kept from the enemy at all costs, lest the Japs find time to prepare a counterblow. All over the Central Pacific, groups of our ships were on the move—tankers, LSTs, carrier forces, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and a bewildering array of invasion craft. Day by day we patrolled ahead of them, relieving one another on station as our fuel ran low. Our job was to be sure that no enemy shipping lay in the path of the advance, and to knock down any Jap search planes that might give the show away.

On one occasion during this patrol, Lieutenant Commander Janeshek encountered a Jap torpedo bomber within sight of Truk and shot it down in an encounter lasting less than five minutes. As the Kate plunged toward the sea with Janeshek's gunners still working it over, the Jap rear gunner frantically threw back his canopy and stood up to bail out. "He suddenly sat down again," reported Janeshek gravely. Five hundred feet above the water the Jap jettisoned two depth bombs, which exploded beneath the plane as it struck the sea. "Napping Nip Now Nil," Janeshek reported.

Not to be outdone, Hal Belew jumped one of the Japs' newest twin-engined fighters, an Irving, and sent it home smoking. Then it was George Mellard's turn.

Mellard, patrolling just ahead of the fleet with Lieutenant Hop of VB-108, was flying at 9,000 feet above a solid overcast when Hop, below him, flushed a two-engined Jap Betty. Hop jettisoned his bombs and went after the enemy plane at once, but the Jap, too smart to invite a shooting match, turned tail and ran up into the overcast. By radio Hop warned Mellard above, and Mellard was waiting. Using just 100 rounds of ammunition and a minute and a half of time, Mellard's gunners sent the Betty down again, this time for keeps.

Then, as the Liberator resumed its patrol, fighters from a carrier force only fourteen minutes distant came up to give the boys a nod of thanks.

Once when Lieutenant Hop encountered a Jap Betty during our stay at Eniwetok, this is what we heard as we listened to him on the base radio. Pilot (being very formal): "Have sighted Betty. Am trailing."

A few minutes later (still very formal): "Have contacted Betty. Am engaging."

A moment later (a gleeful shout): "I dood it!"

Lieutenant Oliver Glenn's Liberator, Urge Me, carried an exceedingly luscious nude on her fuselage. During our preinvasion patrol, one of the carrier pilots discovered this and flew alongside for a look. He obviously liked what he saw, for over the radio he invited his buddies to the party, and in perfect formation, one by one, they came alongside for inspection. Then, with wide grins of appreciation, they departed.

(To be concluded next week)

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REMEMBER JOE CAMPELLO

Continued from Page 23

"I don't know the consequences of the barter, but the next Sunday evening she went on. Angie did all right. Her manner at the microphone was simple and direct. It would be nice to say she stood 'em on their ears, but Angie never stopped the show. She was just another sentimental singer, pleasant and effective, but the town had scores of them already.

THE months went by, and then it was another autumn, two years later, and the intervening time had rested very well on all of us. The New York Sentinel, an enterprising institution, jumped my salary, began to treat me with respect, and endowed me with the choice assignments. And up on Fifty-second Street the trio of Meyer, Campello, and Rocco was moving up too.

The dining room was remodeled now, and nine tables replaced four booths against the wall. "It's Joe's idea," Manny explained. "Thirty-six clients we should have instead of sixteen. Simple, huh?"

"Yeah," I said. "He's tremendous, Manny. Another Billy Rose."

Joe came over to us. "The place is looking good, huh, Pete? Soon we'll be crowding the Rainbow Room."

"Hah, who wants the Rainbow Room?" Manny said. "It's only headaches. Already we got troubles now we're getting bigger. Fire inspectors, police inspectors, worry over who to buy the liquor from. We'll have shooting if we don't watch out."

"We'll have no shooting, Manny," Joe said grimly. "I can handle those babies, one way or another. I'm not a patsy for a bunch of racketeers."

Manny shook his head sadly. "See what I mean, Pete?" he asked me. "It's not good. He now even carries a gun, he's so tough."

I said, "You're crazy. Throw the gun away. Guns are only good for hunting."

He studied me slowly and his eyes were ice cubes set beneath his dark brows. "You write your stories, huh, Pete?" he said. "Let me run the Birdhouse."

I shrugged. O. K., I thought, no skin off me. "Sure, Joe," I said. "Only I hope you don't point the thing at anybody."

Angie came in just then, her face flushed in the early autumn wind. "Hello, boys," she said. She looked at us and there was worry in her eyes. "Trouble, boys?"

Joe grinned. His emotions always could run hot and cold, like water in a tap. They were warm now. "No trouble, honey." He got up and moved to her, and cupped her chin within his hand. "What is this? Don't you kiss a guy hello?" He tilted her face upward.

The air was clear suddenly, the tension vanished. Manny winked at me. "Romance we got here, Pete. Lovers. You see the ring she's wearing? From Joe. It cost a fortune, the dope he is."

The ring was slightly on the vulgar side, like Joe himself, but it was very pretty. "Nice," I said when Angie held up her hand for me, and the stone was sparkling like the light within her eyes.

She slipped her arm through mine and Joe's and smiled in the gentle way she had. She looked up at the two of us. "Everything's all right now, isn't it?"

"Sure," I said. "Everything's fine. Only good things can happen to us."

I WAS wrong, of course. One night, five weeks later, I learned just how wrong I was. It had been wet and disagreeable all day, the rain carrying the first faint touches of winter in its chill. I sat with Manny in the office of the Birdhouse.

We were sitting there when Joe walked in, the rain dripping from his coat and off his hat. He made an unaccustomed spectacle. His face was gray, his eyes glassy, and there was a touch of panic in the lines about his eyes, his shaky hands. He had no words for me. "I got to see you, Manny," he said hoarsely.

"Sure," I said. "Excuse me. I've got to make a phone call."

I waited for a long time after Manny left the room, and then I returned. Joe sat there dumbly. "What's the matter, Joe?" I said inanely. "You sick?"

He looked through me when he spoke. "You were right, Pete. How right you were!" he mumbled tonelessly. His eyes focused briefly on the floor where Angie stood within the spotlight. She wore a flower in her hair. She sang a song of moon and June. "I'm no good. I'm the all-time low," he was whispering to himself. "I never did deserve all this."

Manny came back and handed him a flat and narrow package wrapped in paper. Joe put it in his pocket, nodding mutely. Then Angie came. Her eyes were wide and questioning. "Joe, what on earth—"

"I'm going away," Joe said. He paused to discipline the quiver in his lips. "I'm getting out of here."

The tears came then in her bewilderment and slowly rimmed her eyes. "What is it, Joe? Tell me." She put her hands on his arm, but he pulled it away.

He took a deep breath and his mouth twisted in his agony. "I'm going away, that's all." He didn't look at her. "Good-by. I'm through with this." He turned away and started to go. "Get outa my way."

"Joe!" She held him fiercely, and anguish like a sudden wind chilled her face.

"I said I'm through with this. I'm through with you, too. Maybe this'll convince you." His face was hard now. He held her away and slapped her face, and the sound of it echoed like a cannon shot in the silence of the room. He turned and walked through the door.

No one moved for a long, shocked moment. I stood there, mouth agape. I couldn't say a word. The tears were strangled now in Angie's throat, and Manny's round and somewhat drooping shoulder was her sanctuary. I went out to the bar and the liquor burned my throat.

I don't know what he said to her, but they must have been the right things. After a while Manny came, his fat face sagging with his burden. I said, "Manny, what is it?"

"Trouble, Pete," he said. "Bad trouble."

"Joe? Where is he? Where'd he go?"

"He went away. Don't ask me more. Believe me, kid, don't ask me any more. Go home, Pete. Tomorrow we can talk."

I retrieved my hat and coat from the checkroom, but I didn't go home. I went to the Sentinel office, and then, as the last edition was being tucked to bed, I got the story.

Joe Campello had killed a man. The trouble was over liquor and the details didn't matter now. The two gorillas from the syndicate were sitting in a car, buried in a patch of darkness. Then Joe passed by. The fact that the torpedoes had fired first was of little consequence, because one of Joe's unschooled wild shots had struck a pedestrian who was inopportunely passing by, Henry Pomeroy by name, and drilled him through the head.

So that was that. All the papers, including ours, had much to say. I did a lot of thinking. O. K., Mr. Joseph Campello, your intentions were all right, but you know what the road to hell is paved with. I pity you, and even like you, you foolish fugitive, but more than that I pity Henry Pomeroy.

I didn't tell him these things because I didn't see him. Nobody did. The police were efficient and diligent in their investigation of Manny Meyer's Birdhouse, and even somewhat sympathetic, but Manny had no information to impart. Joe had disappeared like a smoke ring and after days added up to weeks the case lay snugly swallowed in a folder at the Detective Bureau.

After that, things were never quite the same. Manny added wrinkles overnight, and kept them, and the Birdhouse bloomed amid the new prosperity of defense jobs.

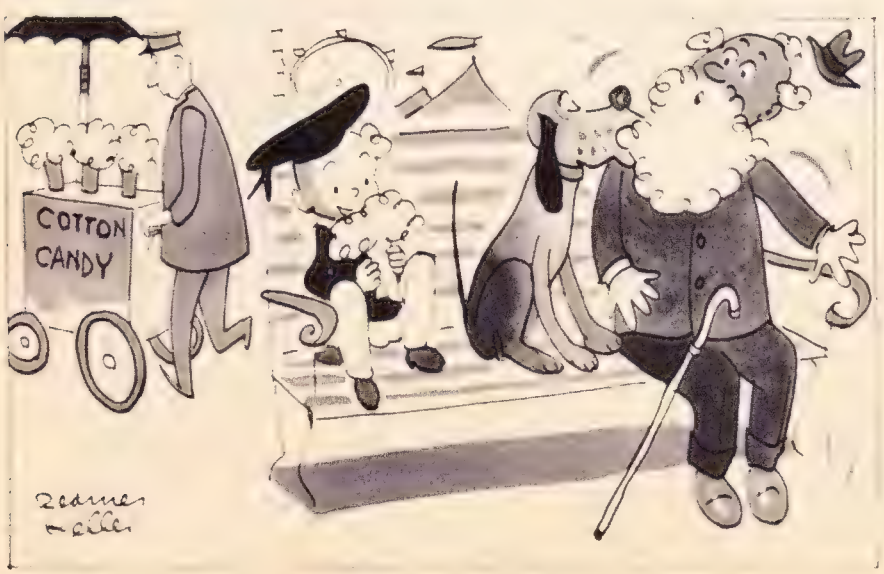
And Angie? For Angie the course was clear and charted. She had stayed away from the Birdhouse for a lonely and pathetic week, and then, that afternoon she walked into Manny's office.

"I couldn't stay any longer, Manny," Angie said. Her voice was low and quiet, her dark eyes sad with tears no longer shed. "I couldn't stand the ghosts." She smiled a twisted, bitter smile.

"Yeah, sure, honey. I understand," Manny said. "What you going to do? Can I help?"

"Thank you, Manny," Angie said, "but I don't think so. I hadn't told you before, but Hymie Rosen's been after me. I think

HARDTACK



I'll go to him." Hymie Rosen was the smartest agent in town.

Manny's sentiments were undeniably sincere. "That's nice, honey. I always said you're too good for Manny Meyer's flytrap. Hymie Rosen, huh? For him you're much too good also, but the bum, he can put you on the top."

"I don't know, Manny. I'm not sure of anything, I guess." She gathered up her purse. "So this is it. Good-by, and thank you, Manny."

That was the end of Angie Rocco. Hymie Rosen, a master of his trade, went all out. He taught her how to apply glamor with a brush, and taught her gestures, little mannerisms, while she sang. It was the end of Angie all right, for Hymie even changed her name. He came up at length with "Sherry Stevens," for better or for worse, and the build-up was terrific. She was Sherry Stevens the chanteuse, the Cinderella Girl who wowed 'em from Mobile to Milwaukee, with a rebroadcast to the West Coast three hours later.

FOR a long time I lost all trace of her. A year whipped past, and I was moving, too. I saw, behind my press credentials, men suffer in the icy slush of the Aleutians, watched them die on jungle beaches. Once in a while, when I could find an outdated newspaper from the States, I might read an item about her in one of the columns.

The months added up, one upon the other, and now I was covering an Army Air Force bomber group in the Marianas. The planes took off every day, set a course toward unpronounceable places miles away, and deposited their eggs.

I didn't know about the show, of course, until I saw the signs and heard the excited chatter of the men. The announcement made a large and welcome splash. The show was on its way, an all-star USO unit with talent up to here—Bob Price, the funny man of radio and movies; Al Henry's band; a chorus of real live dancing girls. And Sherry Stevens. It would be something to witness, this show, billed for Wednesday evening, rain or shine.

And then, on Monday afternoon, abruptly, we were called in for the briefing. The 29s had come, and the announcement was a strike on Tokyo. The correspondents gathered in the big room and our names went in a hat for the drawing. Me, Pete Wilson, I got bingo. I would write the on-the-spot story for the combined press from my pinnacle in a bomber twenty thousand feet above the ground. Wilson, the young and somewhat brilliant scribe, was going along for the ride and the biggest story of his bright and fabled career. I was assigned to a big sleek Superfortress in the leading flight, a shiny silver giant bird with the picture of a sexy-looking girl and the words, "Saucy Sally" painted incongruously across its nose.

The crew was the usual assortment of eleven kids from colleges and factories and the soda fountains of Main Street, I thought. I was wrong again. Our left waist gunner had started coughing in the afternoon with a cold of promising proportions. A gunner from another squadron was assigned to take his place. When we drove up in a jeep, the new man was lounging with the crew members beside the plane, a tall and swarthy guy, neatly framed across the shoulders. There was something in the line of his jaw that was familiar. My hand began to shake and I almost dropped my portable. Joe Campello, fugitive. His eyes looked into mine without a trace of recognition. I climbed into the plane and my confusion was tremendous.

I crawled through the long hollow tunnel, through the gunners' compartment and into the cabin where the crew relaxed en route. Men were sleeping in the bunks

Keen about her knitting...

Dumb about her Dandruff!

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with dandruff including (Pityrosporum ovale), the "Bottle Bacillus".

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Many an otherwise intelligent man or woman fails to look upon flakes, scales and itching as a warning that dandruff may be present.

Before they know it, they may be in the grip of a condition that *can*, and *does*, play hob with your scalp... impairing your natural good looks.

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You'll be delighted to see how rapidly those embarrassing flakes and scales begin to disappear.

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WHEN you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your aching corns or sore toes—you'll marvel how tormenting shoe friction stops and painful pressure is instantly lifted. They take the pinch or "bite" out of new or tight shoes. So soothing, cushioning, these thin, soft, protective pads prevent corns, tender spots, blisters, instep ridges.

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

that lined the wall, and one boy was reading a colored comic book. Joe sat in a corner, occupied apparently in a game of solitaire. Closer now, I could see some alterations time had wrought.

There were streaks of gray here and there at his temples and tired lines around his eyes.

I sat down next to him. I didn't know the words to say. I made it quite official, pencil poised. I asked his name, the way I always did.

"Tony Stephano," he told me in a voice without emotion.

He answered my questions with no hesitation. His home was Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, he said, and before the war he was a clerk in a clothing store. He'd enlisted shortly after Pearl Harbor, went to gunnery school in New Mexico. He had thirty-two missions in a Liberator tucked under his belt now, was a staff sergeant and unmarried.

"Nice story, Joe," I told him.

"It'll do," he said.

I offered him a cigarette and lit one for myself.

"Do you want a real story, Pete?" He began to chuckle and it was an awful thing to hear. He indicated a boy asleep on a bunk across the compartment, the right waist gunner in the corporation. "You know who that kid is?"

"No," I said. "I don't. Should I?"

"Yeah," Joe said. "I guess you should. His name's Henry Pomeroy, Junior. That name mean anything to you?"

"No," I said. "Why should—" Suddenly it hit me. "Not—"

"That's right. His old man was the guy who got in the way that night."

My heart stalled for an instant in my stomach. The irony of it made my brain reel like a gyroscope.

"He doesn't know?" I asked.

"No, he doesn't know," Joe said.

I felt a need to change the subject. I said, "Angie's coming. I guess you know that."

"Yeah. I know." A pause. His eyes were glassy. "Angela Rocco, Sherry Stevens, Joe Campello, Tony Stephano. Even the kid across the way." He shook his head slowly. "Small world, Pete."

I said, "Yeah. Small world."

"And Manny?"

"Manny's fine," I said.

Joe wore a slow, sad smile. "Say hello to Manny for me, Pete. Tell him Joe Campello says hello and thanks."

"Sure," I said. "I'll tell him Tony Stephano says hello. Joe Campello—I never heard of him."

YOU'VE read about the strike in the newspapers, and the memory of our crippled plane with two engines out, flaming Tokyo an hour behind us, and a sudden mad gale from the east whipping our disabled ship toward the China coast made a movie in my mind. I want no double features of that movie.

The parachutes were hung on a hook, apparently secure against the storm. The wind buffeted us around like the salt within a shaker, and then it happened. The chute dropped off the hook, the release catching on some obstruction, and it popped.

It popped like tooth paste in a broken tube.

Henry Pomeroy forgot his airsickness and stared blankly at the shiny white silk, spilled like milk now on the floor of the compartment. "My God!" he whispered. "We ain't got no extra chutes." His voice broke in a sob. "Now what are we going to do?"

There was more drama, then, within the cabin of that Superfortress than Selznick dispenses in a year. The order came from the pilot's cabin to prepare to ditch. No one moved. No one spoke.

Joe Campello had an answer. "We'll cut cards for it," Joe said suddenly. "Low card gets left. I'll deal."

He picked up the pack, shuffled deliberately three or four times, dealt out a card to each of them. Panic squeezed my ribs, but I guess I must have been more calm than the others. The men turned their cards. Queen, ten, seven, deuce. Joe Campello had the deuce. I saw it all, a neat and fancy manipulation, but not neat enough to camouflage from me.

Joe smiled through white lips. "I lose, looks like." He pointed to the camera hatch. "You better get out of here, but fast." An engine coughed uncertainly.

And so we jumped, reluctantly; no heroes we, just sensible guys who had no time for alternatives or had no wish to die. I stalled for a long moment fumbling at my parachute with shaky hands, and the others now were out, swallowed far below in the storm-tossed clouds. My eyes were misty and the tears were welling in my throat. Joe wore a strange, bright face, and the perspiration lay like rain upon his brow. "Well, Pete," he said, "one Pomeroy for another. Maybe this will even up the score. Get out." He pushed me hard, and I was falling fast. . . .

A grinning Chinese boy found us in the morning, and they collected us from miles around. They had a radio hidden in the hills. It brought a beautiful fat and lumbering Dumbo later in the day that flew us back to Guam, where I filed my story. And so I got to see the USO show.

Sherry Stevens, a princess in pastels, came out to sing her songs. She hadn't lost the gentle touch. She opened with an oldie called My Prayer. Her voice was loud and clear in the tropic night, but not loud enough for Joe Campello to hear. Or perhaps he could.

MANNY'S glass of beer was untouched on the table. His eyes were on the wall, staring straight ahead, but I knew it wasn't the mural he was looking at.

I said, "Manny, how's your brother Sam in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin?"

"All right," he answered absently, his thoughts still years away.

I got up. I left him there. "So long, Manny. See you later," I told him. "I'm going out to watch the Yankees."

THE END

"Did you have that hat on when you came in, Madame?"

THE BEARD OF THE PROFIT

Continued from Page 9

room and get him into a cab every time he was billed for a match. And then I had to tie ribbons on his finger so he could remember if he should win or lose.

After a couple of weeks, though, the piece of muff grew back. But No-Neck wasn't satisfied. All the time he kept measuring that beard and dunking it in hair restorer. What he expected, I don't know, except maybe it should cover him like a blanket.

Meantime Abner was getting him all kinds of publicity, but when it came to pictures No-Neck said no soap. One newspaper cameraman he forward-passed into an ashcan. Another he stuffed a flashlight bulb down his kisser. I hollered at him till I sprained a tonsil. "Dope," I told him, "pictures a million people will look at."

Worse I couldn't have said it. No-Neck's eyes became raisins and under the muff his third chin shook like a rice pudding. "Not yet," he begged me, "not yet."

I felt sorry for the bum. "O. K.," I said. "So you killed somebody and you're on the lam?"

No-Neck was sweating now bullets.

"So I understand," I told him. "When it happens in the best of families, they hire a lawyer. When it happens in the not so best, they grow a beaver."

"Hymie, I will confess to you—"

"You will confess to me nothing," I said. "An accessory to bump-offs I will not be. Only a manager from burpers."

That's how I am. Strictly legal. And the way No-Neck choked up, you could see he appreciated it. But I shut him up.

NOW Abner was beginning to throw fits. The sports writers had got very insulted the way No-Neck worked out on the photographers. Also they had got all of a sudden bad memories.

Abner was so mad that he talked to me like a stranger when I came in his office. "You get that tub of lard to thaw out, or else—"

"Or else what?" I said.

"Or he's out. Finished. Barred!"

"Don't threaten," I said, very smooth, "except if you want a divorce before you get a wedding."

To my daughter Peggy, of course, I didn't write nothing about Abner. A couple of times he asked me, but I stalled him off. I figured by the time he found out my promises was hooey I could high-pressure him into a championship match. Then let him sue me.

About No-Neck Boyle I wrote Peggy hardly nothing too. She is a very sensitive girl. Always I had been a prize-fight manager, and I didn't like rubbing into her that now I managed a wrestler. Against wrestlers she has a disgust.

All of a sudden one afternoon Peggy bounced into the house. "What's this," I said, "playing hooky? After all the money it cost me—"

"No, no," she said. "It's business—about this wrestler of yours."

I ducked a little bit, waiting for the blast. But mad she wasn't. Only excited like I never saw her before.

"So what can I do?" I said. "There's a war on."

"Tell me about him, daddy," she said.

"There's nothing to tell," I told her. "A burper."

"Don't be cynical," she snapped. "I hear he's very clever."

"It's a lie," I said. "I do the thinking."

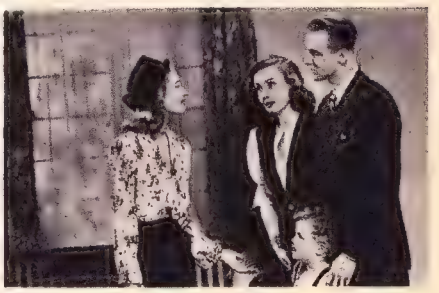
She put her arms around me.

"Daddy," she said, "No-Neck Boyle

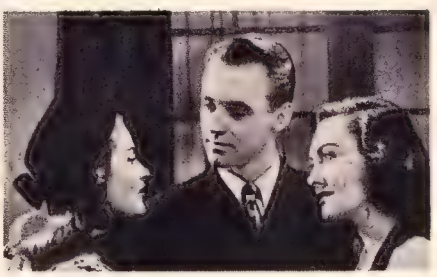
"What he needs is an old-fashioned spanking!"

1. My husband, Jim, brought his sister home for dinner the other night — and I was certainly upset to have them walk in on such a scene. Little Tommy was putting up a terrible fuss about taking his laxative, and I'd just about lost *all* my patience.

2. When Jim saw what was going on, he was ready to spank Tommy then and there. We might have had an awful argument if Jim's sister, Janet, hadn't said, "Don't mind my interfering, but maybe I can help.



3. "It's wrong to *force* medicine on children," she said. "Doctors say it can upset their nervous systems. Haven't you heard about Castoria — the pleasant-tasting laxative made *especially* for children?



4. "With Castoria, there's no need for forcing," Janet went on. "Children like it. It's effective, too, yet gentle — never harsh or upsetting. Just to prove it, I'll go over to the drugstore and get some now."

5. She was back in no time and we gave Tommy the Castoria. He took it without a bit of trouble — and *loved* it! "Thanks for coming to dinner, Janet," I smiled, "and for keeping peace in the family!"

As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria — senna — has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children

would make a perfect opponent for Daffodil Reney."

"Never heard of the bum," I said.

Peggy jumped up. "Mrs. Daffodil Reney is no bum! She is a very fine woman!"

"A woman?" I said.

"Certainly. Daffy and No-Neck could put on a terrific match. I mean at the college for a five-hundred-dollar side bet."

"Tell me," I said, "who is this dame anyway?"

"Mrs. Daffodil Reney," said Peggy, "is the new special physical-training instructor at Westchester College. She teaches judo, boxing, and wrestling to the girls who want to get in shape for the WACs, Waves, and Spars. In the evening she also conducts classes in adagio dancing, acrobatics, and weight lifting."

"A whole vaudeville show," I said. "Maybe she doubles for a hippopotamus too?"

"That is a very unfair remark, daddy. Daffy is a remarkable woman, and all the girls love her. That's why they sent me down to see you."

"Me?"

"Yes. Daffy is very unhappy. She has a husband and she wants to get rid of him."

"So let her get a lawyer."

"She has one. What she needs now is money for a trip to Reno. So the girls formed the Freedom for Daffodil Committee. As chairman, I suggested the match. They all thought it was a wonderful idea. Particularly Daffy. Then we raised the purse, and here I am."

"But you are in the wrong department," I said. "Listen," I said. "Suppose I said O. K. Your lady meatball thinks the match could bring her a divorce. It could also bring her a wooden nightgown. What if she should get killed? No lady, not even a lady cow, can wrestle with a professional like No-Neck."

Peggy shrugged, very superior. "That is merely masculine conceit. Now about the date for the match. When shall it be?"

"Never," I said.

"You mean—" Peggy blazed.

"I mean never," I said. "You think I'm crazy? Anyway, Abner wouldn't stand for it."

"Abner!"

"Yes, Peggy. I didn't want to tell you, but I am hooked up with the Trust."

Her eyes gave off with blue fire. Then, grabbing her hat, she marched out.

A HALF hour later the telephone rang. It was Abner. "Come down at once," he said. "I have important news."

I hopped a cab. Important news could be only one thing. He was ready to throw No-Neck in with the champ.

"Well, Abner," I said, slapping him on the back, "when will it be?"

He swung around on his chair. "What?" he said, very dead-pan.

"The match with the champ. That's what you called me for, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't. I called to tell you your barrel of blubber is meeting Daffodil Reney on the fifteenth."

I couldn't believe it. "My daughter has been here?" I said.

Abner smiled with vinegar. "My future wife, you mean."

"Then—"

"Yes, you conniving chiseler. I've done my own talking. Peggy and I will be married at the end of the month."

A daughter I was losing, but my career I had to save. "Abner," I said, "you are being hornswoggled. Such a match would ruin No-Neck for the championship."

"Really?" said Abner.

"Of course. Win, lose, or draw, No-Neck loses. The newspapers would kid the pants off him. As a press agent you should know that. What will happen to No-Neck's future?"

"That is in the lap of the great American public."

"That is in your hat, wise guy," I said, getting mad. "I'm still his manager and I won't allow it."

Abner yawned. "In that case," he said, "I believe the Trust might enter his name on the Dead List."

That was all I had to hear. On the Dead List is burpers marked lousy by the Trust. No place the Trust has a connection can they wrestle. And since no place means every place, it means also that they're dead. "Abner," I said, "I am very much surprised at myself, how I didn't understand the fine things you are doing for me. No-Neck will take the match."

But I wasn't so sure about that. No-Neck never double-crossed me yet by trying to think. But with my luck he might start now and take a powder if he knew he had to tangle with a lady burper. When I explained that to Abner, he promised to keep it quiet.

ON the day of the match I called for No-Neck at his boardinghouse. "Escapist, you bum," I said, "get on your clothes. And in the street keep away from dogs. A bush is still a bush, even when it walks."

When we got to the hotel in Westchester Village I told him, "No-Neck, today is Friday, and on Fridays you lose, but today you must remember to win."

"That's good," he said. "I feel very winning. Who is the other bum?"

"An article by the name Daffy. Throw it quickly on the pants and we will go home early."

No-Neck wagged with the beezer. "So what's the bum's diving signal?" he asked.

"None. This match is on the level."

No-Neck began to shake. I was afraid he was going to faint. But I had the starched applesauce ready. "Kid," I told him, "I know you're a great wrestler. The greatest. I know it so good, I put five hundred bucks of my own dough on you."

I could see the applesauce stiffening around his ears. Then he jumped up. "Pal, for you I'll do it," he groaned.

The college gym was jammed with cuties when I towed No-Neck down from his dressing room a couple of hours later. In the balcony was a band, and the way the place was decorated you would have thought everybody was waiting to see a college basketball game instead of two meatballs. Signs was hung all over the place: HE'S TAFFY FOR DAFFY! . . . FOIL THAT BOYLE! . . . and other corny cracks.

But what got me was that some polite somebody had got up signs for my side too: WRECK WITH NO-NECK! . . . WIN WITH BEAVER! Also they had stooged up for him a cheering squad, twelve sweater girls who stood up and yelled as No-Neck came in:

"Ricky, racky, choo,
Ricky, racky, chow!
Choo-choo, chow-chow,
Boyle—and how!"

The effect on No-Neck was very goofy. He hopped up in the air like an overstuffed chorus girl, then danced down the aisle on his toes in time to the band. Everybody applauded. He plopped into the ring, with me after him, bowed, and folded his arms.

Half-Pint Harrigan, the referee sent down by Abner, stepped in and introduced No-Neck to the crowd. The sweater girls cheered again, and No-Neck picked up his arm to wave. In the middle of the wave his arm went limp like a herring. His knees caved out, his back porch caved in, and his bay window wobbled against the ropes. "My wife!" he moaned.

All the cuties were standing up now and singing:

"Daisy, daisy, daisy chain,
Shed your petals not in vain,
Daffy is the girl who can
Pin the ears of any man!"

From the far side of the gym was galloping down a woman the size of a truck horse. A blond one. On her was a not bad

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face and a good pair of legs. Black tights covered her from the chin down. But the blackness was like on a locomotive. It didn't hide the power. Muscles rolled around everywhere, even in places where muscles she didn't need. And as she galloped along, with my Peggy behind her, the floor seemed to shake.

Then I saw the shaking was No-Neck. He had started to scram and got one leg over the second rope. I dragged him back.

"It's my wife, Hymie. She'll kill me," he croaked.

Daffy had stopped now in the middle of the floor and was doing handsprings to warm up.

"For such a clown you're afraid, No-Neck?" I said.

No-Neck was sweating now grapefruits. "In a fair match, Hymie, we are even." His voice got suddenly weaker. "But she has a trick. Two years I been hiding—"

"Ha!" I said. "So that's why you grew the beaver."

No-Neck started for the ropes again.

"Stand still, stupid," I said. "Here she comes and she doesn't know you."

Daffy heaved into the ring, followed by Peggy. Without waiting for introductions, she clumped over to No-Neck and eyed him up and down. I kicked No-Neck in the shins. "H-hello," he gargled.

Daffy stepped back with a disgusted look. "Hello yourself," she sniffed.

"No-Neck," I said in his ear, "you are a stranger to your wife. So show her now who's boss."

Suddenly the droop went out of him. "Man to man I'll show her," he snarled. Then, laying back his ears, he let out his Monday- and Wednesday-night roar.

PAWING the canvas like a bull with bunions, No-Neck made a flying tackle as the bell rang. Daffy gave two steps forward and stuck out a hip. The hip caught No-Neck square in the pan. Bouncing off like from a truck spring, he sailed into reverse and landed with a crash on the canvas. Daffy was right after him. Standing over No-Neck for a second, she jumped high in the air, bringing both feet together. I closed my eyes and the audience screamed.

The screams became howls, and the howls also laughter. I opened my eyes. Instead of a dead No-Neck, I saw in him life like I never saw before. He had caught Daffy by the ankles and was standing there swinging her around in the air like an adagio dancer.

While this was going on, the three reserved seats next to me filled up. In two of them spread himself out Iron Mike McGregor, the wrestling trust champ. In the other sat down Abner, who came with Mike. They watched very disgusted.

No-Neck was really warming up to his work. Because now he was flipping Daffy in circles over his head with only one hand. He worked very easy and slow while the band played an old-fashioned waltz.

Then No-Neck got careless. Or maybe it was because the band stopped playing. Anyway, he slipped, and he and Daffy landed on their trunks side by side. No-Neck tried to squirm away. With a whoop, Daffy grabbed him in a head lock and put him on the squeeze. The cuties stood up and cheered:

"Flip him, grip him,
Daffy dear.
Twist that skull and
Toss it here!"

The sweat ran from No-Neck in puddles. He looked like a fur coat in a shower.

Bracing herself, Daffy gave a twist on his dome. I was wondering how long it would take before she tore it off, when suddenly No-Neck heaved sideways and slid loose. Crawling very fast to his corner,

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he jumped up and faced her. Daffy jumped up, too. For a moment she stood in the center of the ring, staring at him. No-Neck retreated along the ropes, combing his beard with his fingers like mad. Then, seeing she still didn't recognize him, he stopped, with a look on his face like a real husband should have.

DAFFY charged forward. No-Neck stuck out a straight arm that was beautiful. Clipping her on the nose, it sent her flying trunks over her hair-do against the opposite ring post. And then, before she could move, he had her nailed with a toe hold.

"Daisy, daisy, daisy chain,
Shed your petals not in vain."

The cuties were trying to cheer Daffy, but gave up in the middle. It looked like Daffy was about to call it quits, too. Her tongue was hanging down to her chin and her head was swinging like it was on hinges. No-Neck let out another Monday and Wednesday roar and walked with his knees on her back to get more leverage. Daffy twisted her head around. Then her eyes glued on the three moles that stand guard over his belly dimple.

"Mortimer!" she roared. "Get your paws off me!"

The gym had become very quiet and Daffy's voice was like an explosion. No-Neck sagged, then froze like a statue carved from lard. Swinging around, Daffy tried to tear her leg loose. But she couldn't. No-Neck had frozen with it. Daffy scratched her head. Then, smiling very spiteful, she stretched over and tickled No-Neck on the middle mole. He shrieked, melted, and rolled over on the canvas. Daffy jumped up. Bending down, she tickled him again, skipping from mole to mole like she was playing a piano. No-Neck howled. And the audience howled with him. Then he folded up.

A wild look came into Daffy's eye. Grabbing No-Neck by a leg and by the end of his beard, she lifted him high over her head and began whirling. It was the airplane spin. Around and around she went, with the band catching on with a circus overture. Whirling to the far side of the ring, she paused a second for the cymbals. Then she let No-Neck fly.

I ducked just in time. Straight over the ropes he sailed and landed with a crash in Iron Mike McGregor's lap.

Daffy glared down from behind the ropes. "Toss that worm back here!" she screamed.

Mike stood up, swinging No-Neck over his head. "O. K., lady," he snarled. "Take him!"

Daffy held out her arms. But the toss was high. She missed. There was a crack of skull on skull, a double grunt, and the two of them were stretched out on the canvas.

Five hundred bucks was laying there between me and No-Neck's headache. A concussion he couldn't have, because with a concussion you need a brain. I jumped to the side of the ring.

"Get up, bum!" I hollered. "You got her!"

Very carefully he opened one eye.

"Pin her," I yelled. "Pin her shoulders, stupid!"

Sitting up slow, he leaned over and touched her shoulders to the mat.

Half-Pint Harrigan, the referee, ran over. Dragging No-Neck up by the seat of the pants, he raised his right arm. "The winner!" he squeaked.

Daffy squirmed weakly and tried to get up. No-Neck bent down and picked her up. He looked at her very stern. Throwing her arms around him, she buried her face in his beard and kissed him. The band tootled Kiss Me Again, and she did. No-Neck returned the smack, but with dignity. Then, still carrying her in his arms, he stepped over the ropes and down to the aisle, where he set her on her feet. She smiled. He smiled. The band was now beating out Romance.

"*Allez!*" yelled No-Neck.

"Oop," answered Daffy. Then, leaping on his shoulders, she waved coyly to the cuties as No-Neck toe-danced up the aisle to his dressing room.

IT took me ten minutes to push my way through the excited mob at the door. Inside, Peggy, Abner, and Half-Pint Harrigan stood near the window, watching No-Neck. He was sitting very comfortably in a chair with pillows, clipping away his beard with the scissors. Daffy knelt at his feet, taking off his socks.

"Make it snappy, Toots!" he barked.

"Yes, Mortimer," she murmured.

No-Neck winked at Peggy and Abner, who were holding hands.

"Now scram off, Toots, and get dressed," No-Neck growled.

Daffy sighed, gave No-Neck a quick little pat on the knee, and bounced out of the room. No-Neck lay back on his pillows. With most of the beard gone, he looked almost human. "Ten years it took me to teach her respect," he said, very sad. "First, six years in vaudeville she kicked me around—"

"Aha," I said. "You were an actor?"

"Reney and Mortimer — the dancing horse. I was the hind end."

"So from a half a horse you grew into a wrestling elephant," I said. "That's what I call a big improvement."

No-Neck shook his head. "I thought so, too. But my wife was very mad. 'You're a hind end,' she said, 'not a wrestler, and I will prove it.' For two years she murdered me in training with this tickling trick. Then I ran away."

"No-Neck," I said, "today you are a man. With women, when you love them, you must show who is boss. Even with a daughter. . . . Peggy, hand over that five hundred we bet."

Peggy looked at me very dead pan, and then at Abner. Abner swallowed and poked Half-Pint Harrigan. He poked with his thumb, but I recognized the double cross.

"Five-hundred-dollar fine," squeaked Half-Pint. He tapped No-Neck on the skull. "Fined for buttin'. Buttin' is against the rules."

Diagrams I didn't need. A swindle is a swindle. The phony five-hundred fine I knew would go to Peggy, so we were even. But already I saw maybe a little profit.

"Abner," I said, "without the beard No-Neck is a new man. Could be he might make the next champ? With a build-up—"

No-Neck wriggled around in his chair. "I didn't tell you, Hymie. I'm through. I'm going back to vaudeville."

"You are crazy," I said. "To the horse you are going back, to be a hind end?"

He shook his head very determined. "Front end."

THE END

★★★

THE DANDY TRAP

Continued from Page 13

up! Purdy turned beet red. It was a blush not only of chagrin but of rage.

"So you feel embarrassed about something?" Pops Lafone said grimly.

"He made it all up!" Purdy repeated aloud. "That blowfly wanted to show off to the rest of us, so he looked up a real address in the phone book, then pretended to phone. Just by luck, there happens to be a girl in the family—"

"What are you talking about anyway?" the father barked.

"It doesn't matter. You never heard of him," Purdy said helplessly. "But he said he rang up a girl for me and told her I was a hero, and—"

The brother laughed derisively. The girl seemed to see a joke somewhere too. Her whole face lighted so expressively that she might have said what she thought aloud. You followed me, and you know it!

The father was of the same opinion. "A likely story!" he snorted. "You turn on Conti and track my daughter, then make up this preposterous excuse!" He closed one eye. "And that means there is something at the bottom of this!"

"You mean you don't believe me!" Purdy gasped.

"I believe you saw my daughter in the street and followed her into her own house. What sort of a place do you think this is?"

Purdy could not understand such an unmotivated tirade. But then the brother gave a clue:

"We've had trouble enough with soldiers like you that don't even know Babet!" His jet brows were knitted like his father's as he put aside his sewing materials and got up. "I'll show you what sort of a girl my sister is!"

But Babet jumped in front of him. "Wait, Ton-ton! This is all nonsense. It's all a mistake. I made the mistake myself. I remember him now. I met him—I was introduced to him. So that makes it all right."

"You—but—" Purdy gulped. He was about to say that he had just arrived on a ship, but it was safer perhaps to let her think up her own way of getting him out of here.

POPS LAFONE turned on his daughter. "You mean you give a soldier your address when you are just introduced to him? Then it is all your fault!"

"No, not her fault," Purdy said quickly. "We talked a long time. I told her all about myself."

"And that is all you did last night? Talk?"

"Why, of course!" Purdy said hotly and too hastily. He had not realized that this was an admission that he had seen her last night. It was a blunder, he knew, for Babet's creamy cheeks turned white.

"So *you* are the one!" the father said.

"I knew it when I first saw him!" the brother shouted. "But I couldn't believe he'd have the face to come here today—here of all places!"

Babet screamed. "He isn't the one! I didn't see him last night! He made it up!" She whirled on Purdy. "Why did you make a thing like that up, I'd like to know? Now you're in for it!"

The father held Ton-ton's arm. "Wait. Let us hear it from him, not from Babet." He faced Purdy. "You are the soldier who took her down to Bayou Bigolets last night. Do you deny it?"

"Deny what?" Purdy asked blankly. "I never heard of Bayou Bigolets. "I just got in town this—" he hesitated.

"Of course he denies it!" the brother cried. "He says one thing, then another. And Babet says she doesn't know him and then she does know him! He's the man who disgraced her, there's no doubt! And I'm going to break every bone in his head!"

"No, you won't!" Babet began, and her father added, "Of course not! If we are mistaken we shall never forgive ourselves. He has fought overseas. He has service ribbons." With difficulty Pops Lafone changed the tone of his voice. "Now just sit down here, corporal. Until we prove you are not the guilty one, we are going to treat you like a—well, just what you are, a soldier who has fought for us, a compatriot. Ton-ton, you go get Jacques. He is the one to settle this."

"I'll get Charlie Cabassud! That's who I'll get!" the brother said with relish. He went down the alley, running.

"Who's Charlie Cabassud?" Purdy asked.

"A very special friend of Babet's," the father said. "But if you're not the man, he won't hurt you. That's why I sent for Jacques, who keeps an oyster bar all night. He saw you when the deputy brought you up from the marsh with Babet at sunrise. He can identify you."

"O. K., bring him on," Purdy said confidently. "Bring 'em all on! Sure, I'll sit down for awhile. Nice peaceful spot you have here."

He realized that he could not get out of this patio for a

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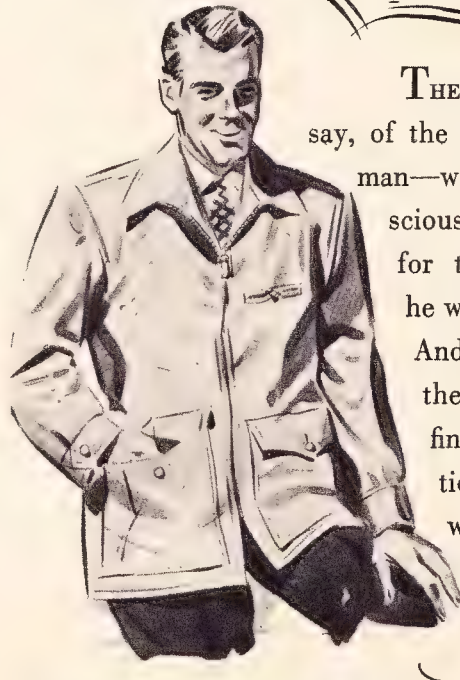

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while anyway. Until the oysterman came, he was virtually a prisoner, unless he wanted to fight Pops Lafone. And a fight was the last thing he wanted.

The father started packing plaster saints into a baby carriage.

"What happened to the baby?" Purdy asked.

"What baby?" Pops Lafone growled.

"I saw your daughter trundling that rig. I thought there was a baby in it."

"She was taking some saints to the delicatessen where they're sold. Baby! That's a good one!"

Babet came out with a cup of coffee and set it on a barrel top over Purdy's chair. She might have been mad at his "following her in here"—which was her definite understanding. On the other hand, he was to be pitied. He had gotten himself into a much worse jam that he deserved.

It was not American coffee. Like everything else Purdy had seen in this city, it was alien. Brandy burned on the brim of the cup as Babet squeezed juice from a green orange into it. "You've never tasted Creole coffee?" she asked.

"No, but it's fine. Only," he said, lowering his voice, "do you mind telling me what I'm supposed to have done last night?"

She told him and without lowering her voice. Her father, wrapping saints in newspapers, could hear it all.

"It wasn't anybody's fault," she said. "And especially it wasn't his—I mean the soldier I went out with. He'd come home from overseas just like you, and he found everything changed. He found his girl engaged to someone else and I was sorry for him. He'd been wounded and he was discouraged. The girl was my best friend and she asked me to go on a double date and help her straighten him out."

"I get his slant," Purdy said. He was not listening very hard at first. He was watching the light on her forehead—a sifted light from the oleanders that sparkled red in the black of her hair.

"We went to a *baile* down there near Lafitte and danced. But the soldier could only dance a little because of the old wound in his leg. Besides, they were all Cajuns, like Loulotte and her fiancé, so he felt left out!"

"Cajuns? Is that what you are?"

"No, we're 'Creoles. That's why my father is so strict about my going out with a soldier I never met before."

Purdy glanced at the giant father who had gone to the other end of the alley.

"We took Loulotte home and then we took her fiancé home. The other one—I mean the wounded one—was still morose about life. He wanted the girl he'd been dreaming about all those months overseas. He wanted to go back to Loulotte's now that her fiancé wasn't there. It took me a long time to plead with him. It was so late that the ferry we'd taken across one of the bayous had stopped running for the night. We found a lonely road which wound way down toward the sea marshes. The car slid off the road into the cane brake. We walked for miles, hoping to find another car and get to a phone so I could tell my father not to worry. It was pitch dark and we were lost."

THE father was coming back through the alley, but hearing someone at the batten gate, he turned and hurried toward the street again. Purdy did not watch, for he was spellbound by Babet's frightened eyes. She was a Creole beauty, but she talked and acted like any home-town girl.

She finished hurriedly. "The soldier couldn't walk any more because of his wound. We found a mud-clinkered cabin and built a fire of rags to keep the mosquitoes off. We knew we'd have to wait for sunrise before we could find our way."

Out there on the street the father raised his voice angrily. "No, I said you can't come in, Charlie! It may not be the soldier we want. Wait until we're sure!"

"It's Charlie Cabassud!" the girl said. "He is the most jealous of them all because he knows I don't like him!"

Purdy saw a lean hungry-looking man in immaculate whites and a smaller, chunkier man gesticulating wildly. "Who's the fat one with the goatee?"

"My uncle," Babet said. "He's mad too. Everyone in the Quarter wants to find that poor soldier who is as innocent as you yourself. You see, my father asked the police to help find us. That was because he phoned Loulotte and found out that she had been home for two or three hours and I wasn't staying with her all night. It was a deputy of the Jefferson Parish police who found us in the cabin just before sunrise. He understood about the mosquitoes. But the deputy brought us straight home. When they find that car in the canebrake, they'll believe me."

Because of the excitement in the alley, people began opening windows around the patio. They stared, jabbered, nudged each other. "There's Charlie Cabassud!" someone said. "Thinks he owns Babet because she makes coconut pralines for his candy store. This is going to be good!"

"And there comes Ton-ton with the oysterman."

The star witness, a small man with huge hands raw from shucking oysters, came in, followed by the others, who kept shoving him until he stood in front of Corporal Purdy. As the oysterman studied him, everyone was silent, waiting for his judgment.

ONE man did not want to wait. He stepped up to Purdy with hands out as if to choke him, but Babet jumped between. This was Charlie Cabassud, the lovelorn candy-store man. A thin scroll of a mustache on an otherwise shaved lip made him look like a Cuban gigolo—a sort of combination lady-killer and man-killer.

The oysterman was nodding thoughtfully. "I can't swear to it. These servicemen look alike—I mean at a distance."

"But you must identify him for certain!" the father insisted.

"Well, all right. I think this was the one. I remember the service ribbons. The chevrons I didn't see. But the more I look at him, the surer I get."

There was no doubt that the oysterman was honest in his conviction, but Babet screamed at him, "You're lying, Jacques Boulard, and you know it!"

The father held Ton-ton and the others back. "Now wait. Let's be calm!"

But the candy-store gigolo, Charlie Cabassud, got in the first lick. A plaster saint glanced off Purdy's head. Then everyone in the patio went into action except the oysterman, who cried, "*Cré tonnerre!* He may not be the one!"

Pops Lafone must have heard this, for he grabbed his son's arm with one hand, the uncle's arm with the other. This gave Purdy a chance to knock Cabassud down.

"Too bad I had to do it," he mumbled.

Ton-ton broke free from his father. As Purdy saw him coming, he thought, What am I fighting for, anyway? It's not my lookout. I'm fighting another man's fight—that soldier who came home broken-hearted. But this inspired him. The soldier had been wounded, so he could not fight as well as Purdy anyway. "All right, I'm the guy you want! So come on!" he yelled, backing into the narrow alley where he could take them on one by one.

It was not so simple as that. In backing, he poked his foot in a broken board in the alley walk and found himself stuck. It was one of those loose boards they used to call a dandy trap in the old New Orleans days because it would spatter mud when stepped on. The crowd in the galleries laughed at his helplessness. The candy-store man yelled, "Now you got him where you want him, Ton-ton! Finish him!"

Ton-ton did not take the advice shouted at him. Instead, he pulled his first blow, squared off, giving Purdy a chance to get his foot free.

Purdy gaped. This Creole was going to fight like an American! When Purdy was free and Ton-ton's first blow landed, it was a good clean smack, but it did not hurt exactly. On the contrary, it was exhilarating!

Matt Purdy found peace the next moment. For a policeman came running down the alley followed by an old woman. This, no doubt, was Babet's aunt. Old Tante Sabine had evidently been hunting for a policeman from the moment she first let Corporal Purdy in through that batten gate. She came not only with a policeman, but with an M. P.

It was the M. P. who arrested Corporal Purdy while the big lobster-faced policeman examined the most serious casualty. Charlie Cabassud sat on the flagstones, glassy-eyed, with bits of plaster in his hair and chunks of a broken saint scattered around him.

The officer listened to the crowd jabbering their testimony, took down some notes, repeating as he wrote:

"All night in a cabin, Jefferson Parish. . . . Found there by deputy sheriff. . . . Comes back here and starts riot. . . . Kayo's Charlie Cabassaud with a plaster saint."

"He didn't do any such a thing!" Babet cried.

"Then who did?" the officer asked.

"I did," Babet said. "They were all picking on this corporal, when he isn't the one they want anyway. I didn't go out with him last night. I never saw him before!"

"Well, that makes it complicated," the officer said. "Mistaken identity. Which means this young fellow's innocent—if I believed you."

THE M. P. had been looking over Purdy's credentials. "You can believe her all right," he grunted. "This soldier wasn't anywhere near Jefferson Parish last night. He wasn't even near the Delta. He was out on the Gulf on a ship which didn't dock till today."

Pops Lafone gasped. "He's innocent! A soldier who fought the war for us and we treat him like a criminal! *'Cré bon sang de bon malheur de Dieu de sort.* Where's that oysterman!"

But the little oysterman had fled.

"And you, Ton-ton!" Lafone turned on his son. "I told you to wait, but you struck this young soldier who has done nothing but earn service ribbons! You don't deserve the name Ton-ton. Look at his chin. It's split!" He put his arm around Purdy and dabbed a handkerchief on the raw spot. "Tante Sabine! Get some iodine and cotton and court plaster. And some coffee for him—or, better, open some wine!"

Tante Sabine called out from the kitchen window, "Babet, go to the drugstore for iodine and gauze."

"I'll go with you," Corporal Purdy whispered to Babet.

"Ton-ton is the one they should arrest!" Babet fumed as she slipped out through the batten gate with Purdy.

"No hard feelings," Purdy said. "But what did your father mean about Ton-ton not deserving that name?"

"It's Creole for Washington."

"I knew you were all Americans!"

And Matt Purdy also knew that he was home! He was certain when he went into the drugstore. For there, after his chin was doctored, he sat down with Babet to an ice-cream soda.

THE END

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

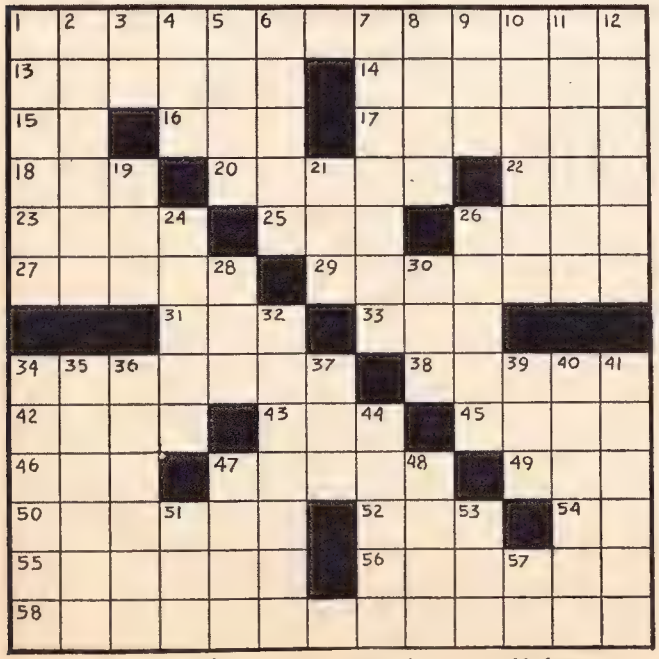
1 What naughty-sounding larvae of certain flies are much used as bait?
13 A co'orless person is called a what?
14 What antiseptic is used a lot in photography?
15 In what state would you find the Sugar Bowl? (abbr.)
16 Complete this song title: Oh, What a — Was Mary!
17 Who was the Galloping Ghost?
18 What title would you have used to address Falstaff?
20 In French a potato is called a *pomme de* what?
22 Performed
23 What gal in the Idylls of the King's a symbol of uxorial purity and devotion?
25 The Salton's an inland what?
26 Playwright O'Neill's nickname
27 What territory did Ibn Saud conquer in 1934?
29 Unlucky people are said to be ill-whatted?
31 Latin dough
33 The period between 2 B. C. and 7 B. C. was known as the Vulgar what?
34 In law, a recoverable debt is said to be what?
38 Jewish history from David's death to the Temple's destruction is covered in what books of the Bible?
42 What jolly Britishers stem from the word tarpaulin?
43 Topaz hummingbird
45 "Time," according to Swinburne, "stoops to no man's" what?
46 What's the altar constellation?
47 Name the author of The Republic
49 Henry George believed in a single what on economic rent for all government revenue?
50 What name is also underworld slang for gun?
52 What man's name is found in phony butter?
54 In what kind of boat did Lt. Com. Bulkley ride to fame?
55 De-euphemize: Emp'oys a detergent to eradicate impurities
56 Name the infamous Negro persecutor of fiction
58 What's a fancy term for a snake authority?

VERTICAL

1 Who plans to ride Hirohito's hoss up Tokyo's Main Street?
2 Who pined and died for Lancelot?
3 The abbr. for pound is what?
4 Dodger Manager Durocher is known as Leo the what?
5 Midges and punkies, often called mosquitoes, are actually species of what?
6 Hams are usually found wrapped up in whats?
7 Lemmings, humans, and fishes do what in common?
8 What was it Oliver Twist wanted?
9 Name the lass as sweet as apple cider
10 Before lucifer matches, folks had to carry a what box?
11 You'd look for connecting rods and cylinder heads in a what?
12 The best competitors in tennis tournaments are usually whatted so they'll meet in the later rounds?
19 Lip
21 Species of property
24 Darlings
26 Lancie gave up Gwinny to hunt for the what?
28 Name an American news service
30 What's a good thing to keep handy on St. Swithin's day?
32 Set salt (anag.)
34 Dextrose is what kind of sugar?
35 Grant a pardon with a string attached
36 Inaccuracy rectifier
37 What was Miss (Vodvil) Tanguay's given name?
39 The jerk of yesteryear was known as a what?
40 Concords, Massasoits, and Wyomings are varieties of whats?
41 Name the All-time H't Parade number from Lucia di Lammermoor
44 Kwaialein is technically a what?
47 What's a writ to move an action from a lower to a superior court?
48 What's another name for butterine?
51 Name a kind of pistol
53 Name a kind of shaped head that almost comes to a point
57 The Narragansetts hung out in what state? (abbr.)

B	O	B	B	Y	S	O	C	K	S	■	B	U
E	L	I	A	■	T	U	R	I	N	■	V	E
R	A	■	T	E	A	R	S	■	T	O	N	E
■	■	■	S	O	S	■	C	R	E	W	■	A
T	T	A	C	H	■	■	B	A	E	R	■	S
K	I	E	S	■	I	■	C	R	O	O	N	S
■	S	P	E	E	D	■	S	N	■	H	A	B
I	T	■	B	O	O	R	S	■	A	T	E	■
A	V	O	N	■	S	A	L	T	S	■	B	R
A	G	■	R	E	E	■	B	A	S	E	S	■
P	O	I	L	U	■	A	N	■	C	A	R	T
S	■	W	A	R	D	E	N	■	C	■	S	L
I	D	E	■	G	E	N	E	■	■	■	■	■
T	A	H	I	T	I	■	P	H	D	S	■	S
P	A	■	E	L	A	N	■	N	E	R	O	■
Y	E	A	R	N	■	R	A	N	K	■	T	R
I	U	M	■	G	A	I	T	■	S	E	E	■
A	N	G	L	E	W	O	R	M	S	■	■	■

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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Combining exceptional talent with pleasing personality. Miss Morrison, Winnipeg, is one of the bright young stars of radio. Discovered through the Manitoba Musical Festival, she is featured on several CKY and CBC broadcasts.

MORE flashlight owners ask for "Eveready" Batteries than for any other brand. That's because, over the years, they have learned to rely on these unusually efficient batteries. Packed into each battery is *extra* power—*extra* long life.

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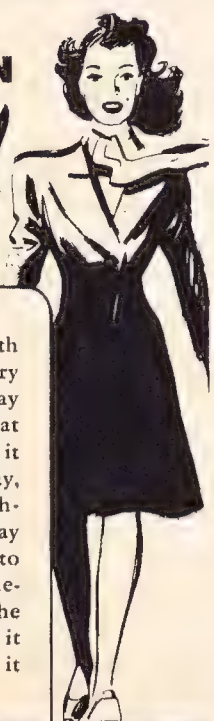

● Why put up with stabbing pain at every step? Get a Blue-Jay Corn Plaster on that corn now. Makes it feel easier right away, as the corn is cushioned and the Blue-Jay medication starts to work. Best of all, Blue-Jay helps get rid of the corn—helps soften it up so you can lift it out, core and all.

BLUE JAY FOR CORNS

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

LOVE LETTERS

(Paramount)
Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten

Their flower is the forget-me-not.

THE latest entry in the psychological drama contest is Paramount's Love Letters. As a mood romance it is well sustained by its characters and almost lost by its ridiculous plot.

The story is unbelievably complicated. Joseph Cotten, an English officer on the Continent, writes letters for a buddy who cannot express his thoughts to his sweetheart, Jennifer Jones, who is back in England. The letters Cotten writes turn the trick and his friend goes home to marry the girl. Cotten, meanwhile, realizes he has fallen in love with this girl whom he has never seen. And when he is returned to be discharged, he determines to locate her to satisfy his burning curiosity.

From this point on the audience is as bewildered as Cotten. At the mention of her name, people become strangely silent and it is apparent to Cotten that mysterious events cloud her past and her present whereabouts.

He gradually discovers that she served a prison term for the murder of her husband. Cotten is now more determined than ever to find her, for he feels the fault in the crime is his. When he locates her she is suffering from amnesia, and his courtship and their love for each other is precariously balanced against her returning memory.

By returning to the scene of the fatal crime, she jogs her memory and in an instant she remembers her husband striking her and the subsequent events leading up to the trial. Cotten stands by—waiting for the verdict of her memory—and the words he wrote under another name bring her back into his arms for the happy ending.

Despite this whirligig story, Love Letters is strong entertainment, for it has a bright new ware to display—Miss Jennifer Jones. Her lighthearted acting is proof enough that she is a star in her own right. Since The Song of Bernadette failed to submerge her, we can look for more varied roles, judging by her frothy air in Love Letters. Comedy is well within her grasp.

Joseph Cotten is as sure of himself as ever and makes a good impression throughout the gyrating story. All in all, Love Letters offers a twist on the returned soldier, for instead of being taken care of, Cotten is nursemaid to Jones. Another postwar problem? Just what we needed—problems are so scarce.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Walter Huston, Barry Fitzgerald, Louis Hayward, Judith Anderson

TEN little Indians went out to dine. One choked his little self and then there were nine. And that's the way Mischa Auer is brushed off in the movie version of the Agatha Christie murder mystery. But that's only the beginning, 'cause the host is in a mood for murder and he's got nice methods planned.

This is a good "the-butler-did-it, the-butler-did-it" type of picture with a fine ending and—a good ending should be seen and not heard.

The one trouble with the picture is a wealth of talent. Having a room full of "name stars" is a bad business, for often the attention of the audience is diverted to a little piece of expert scene stealing while the action is missed. But each in his respective role is entitled to a smile for a job well done. The standouts in this fast company are Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and the former U. S. marine, Louis Hayward.

Here's the set-up before the first foul deed: An island with ten people on it. Eight invited guests and one butler with his wife, the cook. The host is not present but makes himself known by means of a phonograph record which accuses each person present with some crime which has gone unpunished. The host compared them to the ten little Indians of the nursery rhyme and the fun begins.

What happens from there on makes a picture. Murders, theories, and surprises pile one on top of another until the suspense is thicker than a raccoon coat. The solution is a pip for amateur detectives in the audience.

The book was first adapted for the Broadway stage, but the picture improves on the footlight version by creating the isolated effect of a rocky island off the English coast to perfection. There aren't any sliding doors or secret panels, but there is a rainy night when the lights blow out and people do scream.

Watch out for Roland Young! He's very sinister. Keep your eye on the butler—just doesn't look trustworthy. Beware of Judith Anderson—never trust a woman. And—well—just be careful of all of them—'cause one's a murderer!

All were invited—to be killed!

DEATH BEFORE DEATH

Continued from Page 11

ball players; baseball is the favorite sport among the younger men.

Then we inspected the other buildings: the bachelor quarters for the single men and women; the small apartments and cottages for the married couples; the efficient community mess hall; the church, recreation hall, movie theater; the laboratory buildings; and the doctor's efficient and spotless laboratory, which houses the most modern equipment.

There are romances here, just as in any other community. Patients are permitted to marry and have children. One of the marriages several years ago resulted in a fine set of twins for the proud parents.

Although sterilization is always offered the couples before marriage, it's invariably refused on religious grounds. However, this is more or less academic since leprosy is not hereditary, and, too, as the malady progresses it causes sterility, particularly in males. Men seem to be much more susceptible to infection, the ratio being about two to one.

When a woman's time for confinement is at hand, she is removed to the isolation ward of one of the local American hospitals for the delivery. All such births have been normal, the babies healthy in every respect. These children are not allowed to return to the colony with the mother, since children are most susceptible to leprosy germs, and usually relatives adopt them. Nevertheless, the women patients still want to become mothers.

DAILY life at Palo Seco is much like that in any other tiny town, except that the days' small events assume a much greater importance. Once the newcomer makes his

"Yessir, man's best friend."

psychological adjustment to the new life, he finds himself in an environment conducive to both his physical improvement and his mental well-being. He no longer need fear the awful social stigma that he suffered previously. Patients rarely become despondent, and there has been but one suicide in the history of the colony.

Those men who are able usually work during the day. The land is fertile and many of the patients cultivate garden plots of their own and sell the produce to the colony at prevailing market prices. Whether he can work or not, each patient is given a gratuity of $1.50 a month. Naturally, this does not go very far, but since the U. S. government supplies all their needs, the patients use this as pin money.

The colony, which has its own money, represents probably the smallest group of people in the world to use a conventional currency system. Money is based upon American currency, but only coins are used, in denominations of one cent to a dollar. Made of aluminum and brass, they have a large hole in the center and the words "Palo Seco" inscribed on the face.

Movies are supplied free by all the major producers, and from time to time there are other forms of entertainment. Sisters and priests from the Canal Zone, as well as ministers of other faiths, come to the colony regularly to administer to the spiritual needs of the patients.

In February of each year they celebrate their carnival, Panama's counterpart of the famous Mardi Gras of New Orleans. The fiesta coincides with carnival time in Panama. There is a big ball, with everyone dressed in the traditional "Pollera" or "Montuna" costume, and a carnival queen is elected from among the patients, just as is done in Panama. This event calls for exciting weeks of preparation, and is relived in memory for months afterward.

DISHEARTENINGLY, the present-day treatment for leprosy is still based upon a remedy used in pre-Biblical days—chaulmoogra oil, from the Burmese chaulmoogra tree. Every other therapeutic agent known to man has been tried and found wanting.

In former days chaulmoogra oil was taken by mouth. However, because it tastes so vile and causes such nausea, fever, and fainting spells, many patients refused treatment, preferring to let the disease run its fatal course. It was in comparatively recent years that an American Negro girl,

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH ?
By Ti-Jos
No. 82
WHEW! I'M WORN OUT!
I SHOULD THINK SO! YOU SHOULDN'T WORK SO HARD, HENRY!
WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? THE FARM WON'T RUN ITSELF
WELL, IF YOU CAN'T GET HELP, WE'D BETTER SELL
NO, WE CAN'T DO THAT, MARTHA
WHY NOT? LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE NO CHOICE!
YOU CAN'T DO EVERYTHING ALONE
I'M HANGING ON TO THE FARM...
IT'S ONE OF THE THINGS HARRY'S BEEN FIGHTING FOR ...AND IT'S GOING TO BE HERE FOR HIM TO COME HOME TO!
KEEP FAITH!
It's been a long, tough struggle for many of us, to keep things going here at home. But what of the men returning from overseas? Theirs was a far stiffer fight and we cannot but recognize our obligation to them. They offered their lives for our future and theirs. It's up to us to guard that future against their return.
JOHN LABATT LIMITED
London Canada

studying for her master's degree in chemistry at the University of Honolulu, worked out a new technique of injection into the muscles. It was highly successful and patients began to submit willingly to treatment. This method, with minor variations and improvements, is standard practice throughout the world today.

In general, those hygienic measures applicable to tuberculosis—rest, peaceful surroundings, and plenty of well-balanced food—are quite helpful.

Leprologists do not use the word "cure," for medical science knows no present cure for leprosy. They prefer to use the word "arrested." Cases may be active for ten years or longer and then, inexplicably, the germs disappear from the skin and mucous membranes. Physicians believe these cases are no longer infectious, and refer to them as "negative" or "arrested." Patients may then be discharged, but usually must submit to re-examination every six months.

The disease itself is rarely the primary cause of death. More often the patient's physical constitution becomes so undermined that death occurs through some other agency, often tuberculosis, nephritis, pneumonia, or any of a dozen other common ailments.

There are one or two very bright spots on the horizon, however. One is the current experiments with two new sulfa-drug derivatives—promin and diasone. The past few months have given us reports on the four-year clinical use of these drugs on a group of patients in Carville, Louisiana, where the United States is now treating nearly 400 patients in the world's finest leprosarium. In the case of promin particularly, it appears that patients whose physical constitutions can tolerate the treatments respond favorably within as little as six months.

The other bright spot, still offering only the vaguest of promises, is streptomycin, the new wonder drug derived, like penicillin, from the soil. Because early laboratory experiments indicate that it may slay the tubercle bacilli in wholesale lots, scientists hope it may also prove effective against the kindred bacillus of leprosy.

AS to the future, much depends upon the research worker. The stimulus of war to medical research in general has pushed forward the laboratory work in leprosy. In the meantime, until a positive cure can be found, the function of colonies like Palo Seco is to make the life of the patients as normal as possible. Most important, however, is the effort of leprologists the world over to erase from the minds and daily lives of their patients the stigma born of modern society's prejudice.

All leprologists favor the adoption, as a first step, of the suggestion made at the Leonard Wood Memorial Conference in Manila: Change the name of the disease. It was brought out at that conference that a terrifying implication, out of all proportion to the character of the disease, has attached itself to the word "leper." The use of the name "Hansen's disease," after the discoverer of the leprosy bacillus, would help to remove this stigma and allow a more dispassionate attitude toward the disease, scientists feel.

These people at Palo Seco are no different from the citizens of Main Street. They live with the great hope that medical science will some day release them from their bondage. But just as the terrifying word "consumptive" had to be eliminated from our vocabulary before people could view tuberculosis sensibly, so the term Hansen's disease will have to be substituted for the odious word "leprosy" before the world will make a rational approach to this unfortunate disease.

THE END

BOSS LADY

Continued from Page 15

"Did you, darling?" replied Joan, terribly pleased.

"Yes, I did," said Beverly. "One of the kids in my class had the nerve to say that you weren't as funny as you used to be. I told her, 'You must remember, please, that my mother isn't as young as she used to be, either.'"

Joan Davis was born Madonna Josephine Davis in St. Paul, Minnesota, the only child of LeRoy Davis, a train dispatcher, and Nina Davis. Although neither of her parents had ever been connected with the theater, Jo, as she was called, showed a decided talent at the age of three. As an amateur, she entered 150 contests in her home town, doing a straight singing-and-dancing act, and won 125. One night, no prize. Joan bawled. Papa said, "Maybe you had better try comedy. I'll buy you an umbrella and a crazy little hat."

"With my umbrella and hat," says Joan, "I happened to click." Vaudeville scouts persuaded the Davises to let them sign Joan on a contract, and at the age of ten Joan had a fourteen-minute "single" on the Pantages circuit, billed as "The Toy Comedienne." After several successful years of touring the country, during which Joan posed as a midget in New York to satisfy the child-labor laws, the Davises decided that it was high time their precocious offspring had a little steady schooling. Joan entered high school in St. Paul and graduated as valedictorian and star of the debating and track teams.

Joan was eager to get back to the boards. Certain that comedy was her métier, she taught herself to dance, and to fall—an art in itself. "I have fallen on every stage in the United States and Canada," she says, "and I have never found a soft one." In her teens she played almost all the vaudeville circuits, summer camps, amusement parks, and lodge smokers.

When she was seventeen, Serenus (Si) Wills entered her life. He was in search of a "straight" lady, and an agent suggested Joan. Si wore bulgy pants and a beezer made of putty, and Joan wore green ruffled drawers. Five months after they teamed up they were married. Joan, believing she was too young to get married, had kept putting Si off, but in Chicago he flashed a diamond ring at her and that did it. During the next few years Wills and Davis, billed as "A Youthful Fit of Wit," became a very smart outfit, and eventually made the Palace in New York, goal of all vaudevillians.

ONCE, during a lay-off in her home town, Joan decided to try earning what she called a legitimate living. "I found myself selling goldfish in a five-and-ten," she says, "for twelve fifty a week. All my customers wanted two males and two females. Before the week was over I couldn't sleep nights, and on Saturday morning I was late for work. I rushed through the store to punch the time clock, hit a freshly scrubbed floor, and skidded under three counters of chinaware before I slammed into a wall for a full stop. I woke up in the hospital the next day. All I got out of earning a legitimate living was ten days in the hospital, an intense dislike of goldfish, and a wild desire to return to the footlights."

When vaudeville began to wane, in the '30s, the Willses bought a house in Hollywood, where conniving friends brought Mack Sennett to a party one night. Right on cue, someone gurgled, "Oh, Joan, why don't you do your hillbilly routine for Mr. Sennett?" With everyone coaxing her, Joan slipped into her props, which just happened to be right there on the bookcase. Sennett was properly impressed, and later signed Joan for a short called Way Up Thar. After the comedy was released, she got a slight nibble out of Paramount, and another out of RKO, but both studios assured her she wasn't very funny, and dropped her.

FROM 1933 to 1937 Hollywood treated Joan as if she had smallpox. But in 1937, Twentieth Century-Fox signed her on a long-term contract, and from that year until 1941 she made some twenty-five pictures for them. Some of them were Wake Up and Live, Thin Ice, You Can't Have Everything, My Lucky Star, Tailspin, Free, Blonde and Twenty-one, For Beauty's Sake, and, the best of the bunch, Hold That Coed, in which Joan sat down hard so many times that she practically ruined her specialty. In 1941 Joan decided that too many pictures were as bad as too few and parted company with Fox "by mutual agreement."

Then the Davis star started rising, and by 1944 Hollywood realized that when a critic praised Miss Davis he didn't necessarily mean Bette.

Joan Davis' terrific success in radio is due, according to the people who work on her program, to her amazing sense of timing. Her agent believes it's her voice, which has been likened to that of an adolescent boy with a cold.

Joan herself believes that her radio success—which still surprises her—is due to her suffering. "To be funny you must suffer," says Joan with conviction. "The more you suffer, the more an audience laughs," Joan's radio character is a loud-mouthed young woman who is always chasing a man, but who is so unattractive that she couldn't be a pin-up girl in an Eskimo igloo. "I was born in Texas—a panhandle baby," says Joan on her program. "The day I was born my father took one look at my pan and wouldn't handle me."

Of course it's corn, but 32,000,000 everyday people eat it up.

In her new Swan Soap program Joan has more story and fewer gags. She has been working toward this ever since she was in radio. "I'm still the frustrated female trying to catch a man. But I even manage to suffer through more than man trouble."

After four years on the air she is still nervous over having to face a mike and hold a script. Her knees still buckle occasionally, and when the script shakes, it's not from a breeze. "Getting to the microphone is like walking the last mile," she sighs. "But once I hear that first boffo laugh, all the ham comes out in me and I relax."

Joan is the first radio comedienne to use sight business—designed to get laughs from the studio audience. Other comedians with lesser Crossleys believe that this sight stuff has given her show its envied rating. Says Billboard: "The Davis show uses sight tricks to hypo a weak gag or punch line, but always on a predetermined basis. Technique is to select the light laughs during the preview show and decide what biz will be used to step up laugh reaction. And since the routine is set in advance, the laugh builds without a break. This is what keeps the listening audience interested; there is no break followed by a sudden burst of laughter which is obviously the result of something not in the script."

Hollywood's busiest success has little time for serious reading these days. "I'm so busy making with the big fat jokes," she says apologetically. But don't be fooled by her studied dumbness on the air. Every so often she startles her friends and coworkers with a nifty polysyllable, then quickly adds, "Isn't that a nice word? I wonder if it means anything."

THE END

JUSTICE JACKSON TRIES HIS TOUGHEST CASE

Continued from Page 24

thing in Jackson's background set him apart from most of his friends and associates. For five generations the Jackson family had been Democrats in a Republican stronghold. They like to think it is partly because of a remote connection with fiery old Andrew Jackson.

The rising young lawyer was a Democrat, too, and one with convictions. While he himself was in the privileged class, with a law practice that brought him $30,000 a year, Jackson was a New Dealer, if only because he believed that big business was strangling little business and towns like Jamestown were losing all their independence.

President Roosevelt heard of Jackson's reputation and ability. He had played a minor part in upstate New York politics. The President asked him to come to Washington as general counsel of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. At forty-two, Jackson left Jamestown's tranquil current for the swirling rip tides of New Deal Washington.

THE first buzz saw he had to monkey with was the Andrew Mellon income-tax case. Secretary of the Treasury in the Republican '20s, Mellon was an obvious political target for the New Deal. Enormously rich, Mellon as a Cabinet member had cut taxes on big incomes, a move on which New Dealers seized as a chief cause of the depression that began in 1929.

For Jackson, the case was anything but a sinecure: it had been started with a colossal blunder. The Department of Justice brought an action before a Pittsburgh grand jury, charging Mellon with criminal intent to violate the income-tax law. But Pittsburgh was the Mellon stronghold, and the former Secretary a venerable and distinguished figure. The criminal charge was a piece of stupidity that inevitably won him sympathy.

Against this background Jackson was assigned to prosecute the civil charge against Mellon to recover many millions in taxes claimed by the government. This involved detailed scrutiny of the Mellon empire in steel, oil, and sulphur, with all its ramifications through the structure of American finance. In a few weeks Jackson had to try to become as familiar with the incredibly complex story of high finance as Mellon himself and his star-studded staff of attorneys.

Hearings went on in Pittsburgh for seven weeks. Step by step the counsel for the Bureau of Internal Revenue led witnesses through the maze of evidence. The sixteen fat volumes of that record contain one of the world's most remarkable accounts of the rise of an individual to wealth and power. They are the raw material for a hundred novels. Even those most strongly opposed to Jackson's objective had to admire his performance.

For several days Andrew Mellon himself was on the stand. Tactfully yet firmly the prosecutor questioned the master of industry and finance. Mellon, looking back across the years to the beginning of his career, seemed almost to enjoy the process.

Many months later the Board of Tax Appeals in Washington awarded the government about a half million dollars in back taxes claimed against Mellon, a little less than one fourth of what had been asked. The case was finally settled about two months after Mellon died. While it was hardly complete victory, it was at least a respectable conclusion for what had begun as a fiasco.

In 1936 Jackson was made an assistant Attorney General. Two years later Roosevelt named him to the office he has often called the most satisfying he has ever held. He became Solicitor General of the United States, a post traditionally held by a lawyer of distinction—a lawyer's lawyer.

As Solicitor General he worked harder than any of his distinguished predecessors. The New Deal laws were being challenged on every side and it was Jackson's duty to defend them. He argued forty-four cases in the Supreme Court, more than any Solicitor General had ever argued before, and lost only six.

Meanwhile his genial personality had impressed many people. He was a liberal, but, unlike other New Deal liberals, he did not succumb to the Washington game of power politics. He remained the same engaging, unassuming man who had given up his law practice in Jamestown to come to Washington. For that reason, among others, friends and admirers began talking of Robert H. Jackson as a Presidential possibility to take over from Franklin Roosevelt in 1940.

Their idea was to run him for Governor of New York in 1938 as a build-up to the Democratic nomination for President two years later. But Big Jim Farley, then Democratic national chairman, didn't like it. He had political ambitions of his own, and he couldn't see advancing a rival in his own New York State. That was said to be why the boomlet collapsed. Roosevelt himself, of course, never seemed to want to develop a Presidential successor, although there were many who hoped he would help Jackson toward that goal. Not until certain diaries and memoirs are made public, and perhaps not even then, will the world know the real story of the politics of that fateful year.

In January of 1940 President Roosevelt made Jackson Attorney General. That, unlike the solicitorship, is an administrative office. Administration of the Department of Justice had been slipshod and indifferent. Once more Jackson had a housecleaning job to do and again he set to it with a will.

In more ways than one that was a critical year. Close to the President, Jackson helped furnish the raw material of the campaign which attacked Wendell Willkie as a utility lawyer. He made a few speeches during that bitter campaign, but his principal role was that of adviser.

WHEN, in June of 1941, Roosevelt nominated him an associate justice of the Supreme Court, it was for Jackson merely a short final step to the goal toward which his whole career had been pointed. At forty-nine he became one of the secluded nine in the marble temple.

The tourist in Washington goes up the broad flight of marble stairs and down the main corridor to be ushered into a courtroom with a hushed, almost religious atmosphere. He sees the nine judges in their

So safe that a child could use it

To find an antiseptic deadly to germs and yet kind and gentle to delicate body tissues was a problem which baffled medical science for two generations. This problem was solved by the modern antiseptic 'Dettol' which, though several times more deadly to germs than pure carbolic acid, is gentle and kind to tender human tissue. It is entirely non-poisonous and so safe that a child could use it. 'Dettol' neither stings nor stains.

G.7a

black robes sitting benignly on the bench. He does not see behind the scenes where these nine men, humans with human failings, thresh out their differences.

Seven members of the court were Roosevelt appointees. Commentators said contemptuously that it would be no more than a judicial rubber stamp for whatever the New Deal cared to do. As it has turned out, the opposite is true. The court is deeply riven. Its ideological division has engendered a feeling so intense that personalities have become involved.

Justice Jackson more often than not votes with the only remaining member of the old court, Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone. As the leader of the liberal minority in the old days, dissenting from the conservatives who formed a die-hard majority, Justice Stone fought against what he believed to be judge-made law. He held to a liberal interpretation of the Constitution.

A law might be bad, but, Stone argued over and over again, if it was constitutional, then it was the business of Congress and not of the court to abolish or change it. In other words, he believed the courts should not try to set themselves above the elected representatives of the people. This same philosophy runs through Justice Jackson's opinions.

Often Jackson and Stone dissent together from the opinions of Justice Hugo Black, who has made himself the leader of the aggressive wing of the court. The Chief Justice finds himself determindedly resisting another majority who, in his now historic phrase, are attempting to write into the law their "personal predilections." The two men—the stern-faced New Englander and the still young-looking lawyer from upstate New York—have also become fast friends. When Jackson was Solicitor General, Stone developed a great admiration for the younger man's abilities.

When the court adjourned in June, it was widely reported that Jackson would some day succeed Stone as Chief Justice. Stone will be seventy-three this fall. Under a law passed at the time of the court-packing controversy, justices may retire at seventy with full pay. Five other Roosevelt appointees preceded Jackson to the court, but it is believed he will have the inside track with President Truman whenever the position of Chief Justice becomes vacant.

At fifty-three, Justice Jackson sees certain trends in the world which trouble him. Above all, he fears intolerance—the intolerance of fanaticism which condemns men for the way they think. He is keenly aware that there is an intolerance of the left as well as one of the right. The tactics of some New Dealers, who have worked on the theory that the end justifies the means, cause him real concern.

In several opinions in the past four years he has spoken out for the rights of those who seemed to be persecuted as a result of passions and prejudices loosed by the war. One of the most famous of these was in Cramer vs. the United States, in which an American of German origin was charged with treason on what, to Justice Jackson, seemed a very thin pretext. In a thirty-four-page majority opinion, Jackson concluded:

"Time has not made the accusation of treachery less poisonous, nor the task of judging one charged with betraying his country, including his triers, less susceptible to the influence of suspicion and rancor. The innovations made by the forefathers in the law of treason were conceived in a faith such as Thomas Paine put in the maxim that 'He that would make his own liberty secure must guard even his enemy from oppression; for if he violates this duty he establishes a precedent that will reach himself.' We still put trust in it."

This was his approach to the trial of the international criminals. It happened that three weeks before the President called him to the White House, Jackson addressed a Washington meeting of the American Society of International Law. In that speech he laid down the principle that no war criminal must be tried "if you are not prepared to establish his personal guilt," or "if you are not willing to see him freed if not proven guilty."

In his outline of procedure submitted to President Truman, Justice Jackson seemed to deviate from this principle. He said that top Nazis, members of the Gestapo, and the SS would be considered guilty by virtue of membership in what were, in effect, criminal gangs.

He added, however, that individuals would be given a chance to prove that they had been compelled to join up and had worked to thrwart the criminal ends of the Hitler gangs.

Speaking of the Nazi rule by terror, Jackson said:

"The feeling of outrage grew in this country, and it became more and more felt that these were crimes committed against us and against the whole of civilized nations by a band of brigands who had seized the instrumentality of a state. I believe that these instincts of our people were right and that they should guide us as the fundamental tests of criminality. We propose to punish acts which have been regarded as criminal since the time of Cain and have been so written in every civilized code."

Justice Jackson prepared his statement after returning from a hasty survey in Europe of the difficulties in the way of bringing the Nazi criminals to trial. His report to the President did not minimize the obstacles. In fact, he tried to make plain just how complicated and long drawn out the process was likely to be, warning the public against impatience. Then, a few days later, he flew back to Europe to tackle his toughest case.

He hoped to get the Allies to agree promptly on how to proceed with the trials. But not long after he arrived in London, he found himself mired down in a discussion that threatened to go on forever.

The French raised endless legalism, harking back to international law of previous decades. The Russians disliked the idea of branding aggressive war in itself as a criminal act. British policy was just then confused by the impending change in government.

Finally Jackson did two things. Warning that American patience was almost exhausted, he told his colleagues that if they persisted in prolonging the debate, he would pull out and recommend that America proceed independently to try the war criminals in her custody.

Then he got in a plane and flew to Potsdam, where the Big Three were meeting. He told President Truman that discussions had reached a dead end. The President promised to take up the question of war trials at the next meeting. The result appeared in the communiqué issued at the end of the Potsdam conference: a statement that the three governments hoped speedy agreement would be reached so the trials could be held at the earliest possible moment. They promised that the first list of defendants would be published before September 1.

Of all the tough ones Jackson has been asked to crack, this was the toughest. It was the ordeal of a lifetime. Sweating it out in the acrimonious atmosphere of rancor-ridden Europe, he must have thought longingly of his country place in Virginia, about seven miles from the capital and not far from the Potomac. There, in these servantless days, Jackson has done much of the outside work on the place. But it has given him relaxation and the touch with the outdoors so important to him.

Jackson has come up the traditional way—by his own capacities. And his success, far from hardening him, has, if anything, made him more understanding. In Europe's court of last resort he will speak for all good men.

THE END

★★★

BACK TO CIVVY STREET

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of Canada's Armed Forces and their families and friends. It is intended to help them find the answers to questions they may ask concerning re-establishment in civilian life. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: Back to Civvy Street, c/o Liberty, 85 Richmond Street West, Toronto (1), Ontario.

* * *

I WOULD like to know how much money I could get from the Re-establishment Credit, as I have served three years in the Navy. Does the amount of money you get depend on the time and amount of action you have seen?

You see, I have had very little chance to read up on this subject as I am now stationed in sort of an out-of-the-way spot.—*Telegraphist, R. C. N. V. R.*

The Re-establishment Credit is calculated on the same basis as the Basic Gratuity; i.e., $7.50 for each thirty days' qualifying service and an additional 25 cents for each day of service overseas. Overseas service includes any service requiring duties to be performed anywhere in a seagoing ship of war.

Except where the Re-establishment Credit is very small, it is not paid directly to the veteran but to the person(s) from whom the veteran has purchased goods or services which have been authorized by the appropriate authorities.

The Re-establishment Credit is really an alternative to vocational or educational training and benefits under the Veterans' Land Act. It is available only for certain re-establishment purposes which are specified in the War Service Grants Acts. In all cases the veteran should discuss his proposed use of the credit with his nearest Supervisor of Re-establishment Credits before making any commitments.

* * *

There are supposed to be houses for veterans at a small rental. An R. C. A. F. veteran wishes to return to the university here, which he attended before joining the service. He can't afford to buy a house and there is nothing to rent. Even could he buy a house, it would not be practical, as he can't be sure of work in Vancouver when he has completed his course.

He was not married before he joined, but has been for nearly two years. He made inquiries about the houses and was told he couldn't have one as he wasn't born in Vancouver. That means a lot of married B. C. boys will not be able to take advantage of the university course. This particular boy will have to live out of town. I'd very much appreciate any information on this.

G. L. M., Vancouver.

Unfortunately there are many cities in Canada where low-rental housing is practically impossible to obtain, Vancouver being one of them. Because of this unprecedented housing shortage, emergency shelter regulations have had to be adopted in certain areas to assure accommodation for those families who must actually live in these congested areas. Governmental bodies and other organizations are acutely aware of this situation, and a special committee has been set up aiming at 50,000 houses before winter. In other words, some alleviation may be looked for soon.

In this particular case it might be advisable for your friend to contact the Citizens' Rehabilitation Committee in Vancouver. This committee is endeavoring to assist veterans who find themselves in similar circumstances.

* * *

I was discharged from the Air Force a month ago and am in a quandary as to what I should do. I would like, if possible, to take a watchmaker's course. However, the only such school I can find is in the States. This being the case, can I obtain government assistance while attending an American school?

Ex-R. C. A. F.

The present policy of the Department of Veterans' Affairs regarding applications for courses to be taken outside Canada is to authorize them only for those veterans who actually interrupted such courses in a recognized institution to enlist, and in certain special cases where the educational training approved is not available in Canada.

However, as each case is judged on its own merits, it is impossible to give a specific answer in this column to an inquiry of this nature. You should discuss your plans and ambitions with the Supervisor of Training in the nearest Rehabilitation Center.

* * *

I am the wife of a member of the Royal Air Force who has returned to England and is now on duty in Europe. My husband plans to make his home in Canada as soon as he is released. Will you please let me know what your government plans are for such as he? Would he be helped in any way, as Canadian servicemen will be, owing to the fact that he intends making his home in Canada?

Airman's Wife.

Unless your husband was domiciled in Canada when he enlisted for active service with the Royal Air Force, he is not eligible for any of the benefits enacted for Canadian ex-service men and women. He will, of course, be eligible under the British program for ex-service personnel.

If he did have Canadian domicile at the time he enlisted, he would be eligible for most of the benefits of the rehabilitation program provided he takes up residence in Canada within a year after discharge or cessation of hostilities. For more complete details of these benefits you should contact the nearest officer of the Department of Veterans' Affairs or write to that Department in Ottawa.

* * *

Would you please give me some advice regarding Veterans' Insurance, also re-establishment benefits? Having served in World War I and six months in the Veterans' Guard of Canada, would I be entitled to any of these benefits, or is there any age limit?

Vet. Guard.

Members of the Veterans' Guard are equally eligible for any of the rehabilitation benefits for which they may qualify. They are entitled to a gratuity and may be eligible for a Re-establishment Credit. They are also eligible for Veterans' Insurance under the same terms as any other veteran. It is unlikely, however, that they would be authorized for vocational or educational training. Age would not necessarily bar them for benefits under the Veterans' Land Act, each case being judged on its own merits. For complete details, contact the nearest Rehabilitation Center.

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WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND CERTIFICATES

SEPT. 29, 1945

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THE MEN WHO MADE WAR

FOR a great many Canadians the war is rapidly slipping into the limbo of forgotten things. They have lost their more or less direct contact with it. That is undoubtedly a good thing, so long as there remains a background for remembering. We forgot too readily in years gone by, and it all had to be done again with more blood, tears, and sweat. We dare not repeat it a third time.

So it becomes imperative for us to remember that we are the ones who are thinking that we don't want to repeat it. Germany—the Germany that is of importance to us—is still thinking that *next time* she will do better. If we permit it, perhaps she will.

There is small purpose in stirring up hate against a beaten enemy, and many well-intentioned persons are arguing, more or less directly, that we should forgive and forget. Forgive? Well, perhaps we might forgive some, but certainly not the archcriminals and all who did their unholy will. Forget? That we must not do, for that is what Germany hopes.

Only recently the members of a U. S. Senate subcommittee who visited the battle grounds of Germany, and were given peculiar opportunities to study what remains of German industrial life and to interview German industrialists, returned to make their report. That report was no comforting assurance of continuing peace. Where we have a mental picture of a destroyed and abject Germany, Chairman Harley M. Kilgore of this committee reports careful findings that will not support that view. "Germany in defeat remains a major threat to the peace of the world. Germany today is better prepared to implement her plot for world conquest than she was at the end of World War I."

There has been ample evidence from a vast number of trained witnesses that the destruction of Germany, desperate as it was, has not wiped out her industries, that indeed many of them could be quickly restored.

Senator Kilgore, in the report of his committee, points out that Germany's potential for war is still great. She has: "1. The world's third strongest industrial economy; 2. Tremendous recuperative power; 3. A worldwide network of economic and political reserves and a system of commercial interrelationships penetrating the economies of other nations; 4. The science of aggression perfected by her leading industrialists, militarists, and politicians to reverse the decisions of the battlefield."

In the dying months of 1919 Germany was in the dust. Twenty years later she was ready to challenge the world anew. She is in a better position today to implement her plot for world conquest. This time, unless we maintain our guard, it may not take so long. Germany was ready to have us believe that this was a war waged by Nazi fanatics. But Nazi fanatics did not build her industries, plan her strategy, develop her world contacts. The industrialist and the Junker merely used this straw man to deceive a world, but the plans were theirs.

Robbed of the glamor of desperateness the Nazi chieftains stand out for what they were, petty gangsters caught in a web of aggressive duplicity that they could neither understand nor dominate. These are the petty criminals, who must pay for their sins. But there is reason to fear that people may overlook the real criminals, the men who used Nazism, used Germany, used their own vast, if debased, gifts to almost defeat a world.

Joseph Lister Rutledge

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SEPTEMBER 1st — OCTOBER 10th

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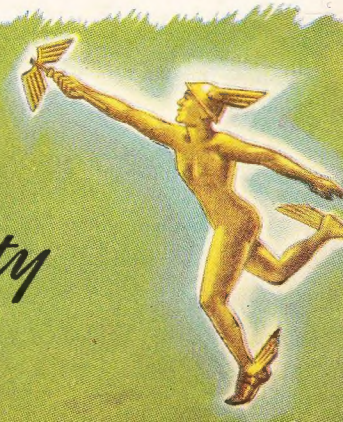

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